The Centre Reporter.

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CENTRE HALL, PA., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1887. NO. 45

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED KURTZ - - Editor.

The vile *Gazette's* "dutch" story fell still born—it was not an original one with it, and fell flat. It has been tried before.

The Democrats of old Centre don't go up Salt River this fall—for which thank Providence, which has kept the water so low that our boats can't get out.

We guess the Sabbath is safe, notwithstanding Leeds was defeated in Philadelphia. With the Lord and Krumbhaar on one side and the Sabbath racketers on the other, we think Sunday will be pretty well taken care of, at least in Philadelphia.

From six to seven hundred Democratic voters remained from the polls in this county and about 160 Republicans were also out. So you see that with a full turnout the Democratic ticket would have had at least 600 majority, and the entire county ticket might have been elected.

The vote for the Temperance ticket in our county was 124. This is very dry.

The vote for Rynder's ticket in the county was 70. This shows that the Rynder greenback-Union-labor, etc., has the rind all taken off of it, and is not fit to be cut, and that bro. Rynder always comes out kinder hinder.

The candidate, who had a fellow in a certain institution, in which he had no funds, advance him sums of money during the late campaign, may be surprised to learn that his *supposed* friend has babbled it around, instead of keeping it private as any gentleman would. The said candidate may learn, what others have known, that some fellows will babble private affairs, and that his confidence was misplaced, otherwise the fact could not have reached this office.

A stump speaker, while delivering a political harangue at San Antonio, Texas, the other day, laid his overcoat on a rock. When the meeting was over he donned the coat, and on returning home was horrified by finding a rattlesnake in the inside coat pocket. This story is being used with good effect by the Texas prohibitionists.—*Ex.*

That's nothing; the Republicans in our county can beat it—some of them have seen nothing but snakes since the election last week.

To show how little effect the *Gazette's* slanders had, Rupp's largely running ahead of the ticket in the upper townships proves. The *Gazette* said he could scarcely write his own name. The people that knew him gave Mr. Rupp a handsome endorsement and Fiedler a snub for lying.

Again: The vile *Gazette*, getting its cue from the oats camp, seemed much disturbed lest the REPORTER might have some influence. This side of the county where the REPORTER is generally read, voted with its usual regularity, altho' the *Gazette* was sown broadcast here with its low falsehoods. Proves that the *Gazette* is looked upon as an organ of lies and the REPORTER as the upholder of truth.

One thing that operated damagingly against the Democratic county ticket—as we gather from most of Democrats whose opinions we hear—was the belief that took hold of them, that it was made up of kickers, which induced much scratching. We know that some of them, at least, had not been kickers, but the ticket suffered by the charge, which did more than anything else to cause defeat. The result should teach a wholesome lesson, that men who want the support of the party must remain true to the party, and that anything like unwarranted kicking will recoil some time.

Now, since all is over, we trust the dissatisfied will be satisfied, and, without looking back, all will look forward and combine for victory in the great contest of 1883.

Anarchists all over the country should take warning from the terrible fate of their brethern in Chicago. They call society a monster. Let them beware, then, how they excite this monster to use its awful strength in crushing them. In defending law and order against wanton attacks there is no length of severity and cruelty, even, to which society will not go. Human lives are but as dust in the balance when the safety of society demands their sacrifice. Four men paid the penalty. The next time these Anarchists hurl themselves against the rock of our civilization they may perish by the hundreds or thousands. Society will kill them, bury them, and go about its business. They are like the birds who dash through the night at the torch of Liberty on Bedloe's Island and are stricken dead, while the light burns undimmed as before.

WHAT WILL HAPPEN NEXT YEAR.

The elections of last Tuesday make it reasonably clear that the Democrats will in the presidential contest of 1888 receive the electoral votes of the following States, to each of which their respective numerical strength in the electoral college is appended:

Alabama	10	Missouri	16
Arkansas	7	New York	36
Delaware	3	North Carolina	11
Florida	4	South Carolina	9
Georgia	12	Tennessee	12
Kentucky	13	Texas	13
Louisiana	8	Virginia	12
Maryland	8	West Virginia	6
Mississippi	9		
Total			189

That leaves 12 votes short of the 201 which constitutes a majority of the electoral college. Where are the Democrats to get them from? They expect 15 from Indiana, which would be three more than enough. They expect also, the nine votes from New Jersey and the six votes of Connecticut—two states which on presidential elections, usually follow New York—which would add fifteen more. But we have faith that Grover Cleveland will break the Northwestern, the Pacific and New England cordon of Republican States. There is much comfort for Democrats in the November elections this year. The Republicans are disgruntled and at sea.

FORWARD TO 1888.

The Democracy of old Centre now want to look forward, to 1888, and not look back, like Lot's wife and be left.

The county is Democratic, notwithstanding the slip up of Tuesday, 8. We carried the county for the entire state ticket, and had about 700 voters remaining at home, which, had they been out would have swelled the majority to at least 800 and elected the entire county ticket.

Democrats look forward to 1888 and don't look back.

It will be remembered that at the last session of the general assembly a resolution was introduced in the House and finally adopted in both branches to the effect that a commission be appointed by the governor to consider the propriety of adopting a correct orthography for the public documents to be printed. It is proposed to drop silent letters, as *ue* in final *gue*, as "analog," "catalog," and many other words which end in *ue*. It is probable that another reform to be recommended by the commission will be the substitution of *F* for *Ph*, as in Philadelphia, philological, orthograph, etc The silent *me* in programme and *te* in quartette and other words will also be ommitted.—*Ex.*

We think the report should also recommend dropping the *a* in Beaver which spells the same without it.

There is no question that the population of the United States has been growing the present decade with almost phenomenal rapidity, and it is gratifying to know that Pennsylvania, unlike some of the other older States, is keeping pace with the country and getting her share of the increase. According to an estimate prepared at the Executive Department at Harrisburg, based on the number of taxables in 1886, the population of Pensylvania is 5,074,527, an increase of about 800,000 as compared with the census of 1880. This is probably under rather than over the mark, and it would not be surprising if the next decennial census found our Commonwealth possessed of a population closely approximating 6,000,000.

In this increase in population, Centre county has a good share, and our county is keeping pace at an equal rate in increase of wealth.

The waltz is the most beautiful and most popular of all dances. It is danced all over the world. And, the one hundredth anniversary of its birth occurs on the 20th of December in this year. On that day, one hundred years ago, a Spanish composer, named Vincent Martin, presented an opera in Vienna which contained a new dance that at once captivated the people. It was adopted at all the balls immediately, and the furore rapidly extended to all parts of the world. That dance was the waltz.

Judge Schuyler, of Easton, has rendered a decision on the constitutionality of the Brooks high license law. The judge has decided that the twelfth section of the law, requires constables to visit all places where liquor is sold, monthly, and report all violations, does not apply to constables elected before the passage of the act. The judge also holds that as there is no provision for compensation to the constables for the additional very onerous duties imposed on them, the act is unconstitutional.

The vile *Gazette's* falsehood, that Rupp could not write his own name, made some of the college township Republicans mad, as they openly say, and as a sample of what Mr. Rupp is thought of in his own home, the vote shows that he gained nearly 40 votes. The *Gazette's* style of politics not sanctioned by decent people.

CHEATS THE GALLOWS.

LINGG THE YOUNG ANARCHIST ENDS HIS LIFE WITH A BOMB.

Thursday morning at nine o'clock Louis Lingg, one of the condemned Anarchists, committed suicide. Lingg ended his life by means of a fulminating case. He held the case in his mouth and lit it with a candle which was burning in his cell. The explosion was the first warning that the jail people had, the guard seeing him with the candle in his hand, supposing that he was lighting a cigar. From the effects of the explosion half of his head was torn away. Immediately after the explosion Deputy O'Neal rushed into Lingg's cell, which was completely enveloped in smoke There he found the young Anarchist lying on his back with great holes in his head, from which the blood was rushing in torrents. He was at once carried into the jail office and placed on a table. While Dr. Gray was examining him he coughed slightly and the blood poured again from his terrible wounds and from his mouth and nostrils. After a while Jailer Foltz made an examination of the cell. On the floor he found the shell of a fulminating cap. The Sheriff said there had undoubtedly been dynamite in it. At 2:15 Lingg began to sink and at 2:50 he died. The news of Lingg's dreadful deed created the most profound excitement at the Sheriff's office.

A SHOCKING SPECTACLE.

The dead man presented a most horrible sight, with the lower part of his jaw completely torn off and his thick auburn hair still matted with blood. The cheeks were torn out and hung down in jagged pieces upon his neck, the teeth were knocked out, the gums torn away, and but a small stump of the tongue appeared protruding from the mangled throat. In the upper part of the throat, immediately under the lower part of the jawbone, a terrible gap had been torn out from the inside. The ball of the thumb of the left hand, with which he had touched off the explosive in his mouth, was torn open.

LINGG'S DEADLY AGENT.

It was a small fulminating cap a little over an inch long. It had been filled with fulminate of mercury and a small fuse which is usually attached to these instruments of death had been touched off by Lingg at the time the reporter thought he was lighting a cigar. When Lingg committed the deed he was lying on his face on his cot. After the affair, when his cell was searched, another candle was found.

LATER.

Chicago, Nov. 14.—Lingg's cell was given a thorough overhauling to-day for the first time since his suicide, in order to put it in shape for other prisoners. During the search shattered pieces of gas pipe were found, showing conclusively that Lingg had exploded a dynamite bomb in his mouth and not a fulminating cap, and one of these pieces is over an inch long and appears to have been torn longitudinally from the large piece by an explosion. How it got into his possession is a mystery.

SCHWAB AND FIELDEN ASSIGNED TO WORK.

Joliet, Nov. 14.—Schwab and Fielden were taken out of the court of solitary this morning, looking hearty and bright, and were put to work. Schwab was put in the convict kitchen, where his work will be to help peel potatoes, chop hash and prepare the convict's food. Fielden was assigned to the stone department.

Those New York Anarchists who are threatening to kill one hundred people for every Anarchist hanged in Chicago should be promptly arrested on a charge of inciting to murder. Such talk is a crime against society, and should be punished before it ripens into action. The Anarchists of other cities who object to the order of things in this country are informed that no law compels them to remain here. They are free to leave, but as long as they are here they must obey the laws. The day of trifling with assassins is past.

Editor Dana is not the only New York Democrat who, next year, will fail to support Cleveland, says a Republican exchange. Well, who cares, Dana was against Cleveland the first time and he got there still.

The Mifflinburg *Telegraph* prints a speech of Foraker! That's too bad Shoch, don't you know that 4-aker is a political anarchist?

The result of the November elections settles the presidential election of 1888 pretty clearly in favor of the re-election of Cleveland.

——Subscribers will please bear in mind that they can save 50c per year on the REPORTER, by remitting $1.50 in advance. We again call attention to the importance of paying up all dues upon old terms, and taking advantage of the terms above, and hope that all old scoares will be squared before the coming holidays, which in all reason can be done within that time, where there is the will to do it. We need the money.

OFFICIAL RETURNS FOR STATE AND COUNTY.

The Republican plurality, in the state, for Hart, is 44,888.

The official majorities in Centre county are, M'Grann, dem., 190. Rhoads over Grove 489. Cook over Noll 512. Goss over Kimport 35. Rupp over Gramley 70. Harter over Morrison 36. Fiedler 183, Henderson 162 and Decker 69. M'Kees maj. 240, Krise 186, Gray 187.

The temperance ticket had 124 votes in our county, and the Rynder party had 70 votes.

MAJOR R. H. FOSTER.

Major R. H. Foster, of the Internal Affairs dep. was fifty eight years old on Thursday, 10, and received many heartfelt congratulations on the event. An eventful life has been his—a printer, a soldier, an editor. When a lad of but seventeen he enlisted as a private in the Second Pennsylvania regiment, and served through the Mexican war. While the American army, under General Scott, occupied the City of Mexico, young Forster worked at ease on a paper, of which, I think, the gifted and lamented William C. Toby was editor. His military record ended with the civil war. He was Major of the regiment of which Gov. Beaver was the colonel, and was badly wounded on two or three occasions. It was at the battle of Gettysburg where he received an ugly wound in the throat which has ever since affected his vocal organs. As an editor he writes with ability, force and purest diction. While editor of the *Centre Democrat* many of his editorials were republished in the democratic papers throughout the state. Under that quiet exterior beats one of the warmest and most sympathetic hearts, Notwithstanding his modest, reserved manner, he possesss a rare fund of wit and humor. I have great regard and esteem for Major Foster, and trust that Old Father Time will deal leniently with him. His father died at a ripe old age, and that the Major still has many years of human happiness in store is the sincere hope of a host of friends all over the commonwealth.—"Stroller," in the Harrisburg *Patriot*.

RAVAGES BY MOUNTAIN FIRES.

Selinsgrove, Nov. 9.—For several days mountain fires have been raging in Snyder and Mifflin counties, causing great damage at different places to the grain and fences. Yesterday a barn on Shade Mountain was destroyed, and a hunter's camp was surrounded by the flames. It was with great difficulty that their teams were saved from being burned. They say they were thus fenced in for several days.

——Sam. Lewins, of the Philad. Branch, is busy day and evening waiting on customers. They are after clothing, and know they will get just what they ask for and at the lowest figures. The tailoring establishment is in full blast employing a large force to keep up with the orders. If he can't suit you in ready made goods, his tailor is ready to fit you with a first class suit. Give this establishment a call if in need of anything in the line of clothing.

——The Cosmopolitan for November is an issue of great beauty and interest. The engravings are superb, and the typographical execution is unsurpassed. It contains many articles of interest and value.

SPRING MILLS.

Rain has come at last.

The grain is looking very well since the rain.

Butchering has commenced. Some are early on account of the hog cholery which is becoming very bad.

Twelve men started for the mountains this week on a hunting expedition. Several parties have been out from here, but not successful, report deer scarce. We suppose so.

D. Runkle, who was visiting his son at Middle burg, took very sick, but returned home and is again able to be around.

Miss Brisbin, of Centre Hall, was in town over Sunday, the guest of Gertrude Spigelmyer.

Sheriff Cook was expected on Tuesday evening, but on account of bad health failed to come.

Wm. M. Allison is about having a reservoir completed in the hill back of his buildings, from which point he can raise the water to the second story of his house.

R. G. Eisenhart has a piggery and is about completing a *henery*, and is making decided improvements about his creamery.

T. B. Jamison contemplates starting for Virginia to canvass.

The Democrats of the southeast ward, of our own, are still waiting to hear from the lower townships.

POTTER'S MILLS ITEMS.

The hunters of this place and vicinity, brought two deer out of the mountains last week, one was shot by William Hartman and the other by Mr. Auman.

Last Tuesday evening as Mr. and Mrs. William Farner, who live a short distance west of here, were going home from their neighbor, Mr. Durst, where they had spent the evening, they unexpectedly came across two bears upon a tree by the roadside and they at once made an alarm and succeeded in getting out some of their neighbors, and were successful in capturing one of the young bruins, but the other one escaped.

Rev. Isaac Heckman has begun his protracted meeting at Sprucetown.

LINDEN HALL.

E. M. Huyett & Co. are now opperating their steam saw mill on the tract of timber bought of Henery Potter.

Thos. Allen, of Boalsburg, a few days ago, received at this station a new hay press, which he is giving a trial at D. T. Wielands, who has some 50 or more tons to bale.

Mrs. D. Hess and Miss Maud Wieland are off on a visit to T. C. Helms, of Osceola.

Master Will Krader, of Coburn, spent Sunday with his grand parents here, Mr. and Mrs. G. J. Meyer.

Mrs. Robert Potter, who has been quite ill for a week or more, is now convalescing. DUDE.

LOCAL SQUIBS.

——Who kicked?

——Who got kicked?

——Don't kick unless you have reasons that hold water.

——Kennedy & Shires made a $1500 sale in Pittsburg last week.

——Our merchants are opening new goods for the fall season.

——Calla Lilly flour for sale at Spangler's grocery, Centre Hall.

——Long's store, Spring Mills, sells the celebrated Calla Lily roller flour.

——Extra copies of this issue at 5 cents apiece, can be had at this office.

——Light rains Monday night and Tuesday, but not enough to help the waters.

——Joseph Rinkert, a former citizen of Aaronsburg, died near Mifflinburg, on 1, aged 81 years.

——The Centre Hall roller mills ship flour as fast as it can be made—it has the inside track in market.

——Mrs. Geiss has remembered the REPORTER with a parcel of fine celery, for which we make our bow.

——Headquarters for clothing, boots shoes, etc., is at J. D. Long's, Spring Mills. on account of low prices.

——Try Fleming, the tailor, Bellefonte; he has a fine line of goods in stock and keeps up with the styles.

——Samuel Ziegler, of Carthage, Mo., formerly of Madisonburg, died on Oct. 9 of typhoid fever. He left here about three years ago.

——Rev. C. M. Rishel departs to-day for Glenn Hope, where he will be installed as minister of the Methodist congregation at that place.

——Several quarters of good beef will be taken at this office on subscription, and can be delivered any time between this and February. Report soon.

——Call on J. S. Rowe, at the Centre Hall tannery, when in want of leather. Hides taken in exchange, also, highest price paid in cash for hides. 17d4t.

——Reed Alexander, of Penn twp., will quit farming and intends going to Cumberland county, as partner with Ellis Luse, in the plaining mill business.

——The *Journal* states that Ellis Luse & Son whose planing mill was destroyed by fire at Millheim, a short time ago, will go to Fairview, Cumberland county.

——Fleming, the tailor, Bellefonte, is putting out an immense lot of new suits this fall. Fine goods, good fit and reasonable prices—when you deal with him.

——John T. Lee has concluded to start a new carriage shop in this place. He is an experienced mechanic and keeps up with the times in what he manufactures.

——The Lord's supper was administered in the Aaronsburg Luth. church, last Sabbath morning in German and in the English language in the evening, by the pastor, Rev. Dietzler.

——During the late campaign, and for months previous, the Bellefonte *Gazette*, was the only paper in this section of the state, that descended to falsehoods and low, personal abuse of men who were candidates for office.

——We see it stated that the Sheriff of Dauphin county last week destroyed 108 fish dams in the river in Dauphin county. He had some lively times during the progress of the work. Every sheriff has such dam duties to perform.

——Reesman, the stove man, has been putting out a large number of square parlor heaters this fall. As fast as they go, new ones arrive. See his stock before buying. Rosemont, Princess and Beaver take the lead.

——Last week we noted that one of our farmers raised 425 bushels of potatoes from one acre of ground. We have since learned of another who raised 1200 bushels from four acres Either is quite profitable even at 25 cents per bushel, and better than an average crop of wheat at $1.25 per bushel.

——Cyrus Luse intends putting up a plaining mill near the station, and has some lumber on the ground already for it.

Mr. J. O. Deininger is getting the engine house ready for his plaining mill.

With two plaining mills to start a buzzing shortly should make things look a little business like at the station.

——The large farm house of John M. Williams, situated in Woodward Township, about two miles from Lock Haven, was destroyed by fire last week. How the fire originated we did not learn, as only meagre particulars reached the city. The loss will be not less than $2,000, on which there is an insurance of $1,000 in the Farmers Insurance Company, of York.

——A slight change in the railroad schedule went into effect on the Bald Eagle railroad and Snow Shoe Branch on Monday. The only variation from the former schedule is the departure of the express, west, at 10:25 a. m. instead of 10:35 and the departure of the morning train on the Snow Shoe road at 9:42 instead of 9. The other trains remain as before.

——The State College foot ball team took a trip to Lewisburg last Saturday and defeated the college team at that place; score 54 to 0. Next Saturday a return game will be played at State College by same teams. The Lewisburg boys must be a set of boobys, as this is the fifth time they have been done up by State College—twice in foot ball and three times at base ball; some one should suggest a game of marbles.

——Bears having been a little numerous in the valley, this season, no doubt driven from the mountains by fires; any dark object in a corn field is likely to be mistaken for a bear and shot. One day last week Will Mitterling let his coat lie on some corn stalks, behind a shock in a corn field, which was spied by some one with a gun, and the fellow was sure he saw it move and that it was a bear. He pulled up his shooting iron and was about to pull the trigger, when the mistake was seen. What a narrow escape for Mitterling if he'd been sticking in his coat at the same time and there.

——Woodward hunters last week killed three deer.

——It was quite stormy this week.

——Henry Green, of Spring Mills, has been granted a pension.

——Mrs. P. Heller, of near Rebersburg, by an accidental fall, broke an arm.

——Ex. sheriff Spangler intends erecting a house, adjoining the hotel in this place.

——Our young friend Long, merchant at Spring Mills, gave our sanctum a pop visit.

——Fauble's Rochester clothing house Bellefonte, for good bargains and square prices.

——We learn from railroad officials that Coburn may need a new and larger depot.

——Wm. Goheen, the popular auctioneer, of near Boalsburg, gave the REPORTER a pleasant call.

——There are now 39 Republican applicants for commissioner's clerk. Not hungry, these chaps!

——Mrs. Shannon, wife of Rev. S. G. Shannon, of Sunbury, is visiting relatives in this town and at Penn Hall.

——A team of Jas. Hanna went thro a bridge, the other day, which crosses a small stream, in Gregg, but no harm resulted to the horses.

——Tite Gramley feels sort o'lonely—lightning didn't strike him, and instead of going up Salt river "he goes a tree up," perhaps to watch a lick.

——The farm of the late Wm. Schnure, dec'd, in Hartley twp., was, at public sale, about a month ago, puchased by Mr. S. W. Rutherford at $3,500.

——Our young men are talking of organizing a literary society at this place. We say go ahead and let our future orators and statesmen come forth with their unbottled eloquence.

——The Lord's supper will be administered in the Georges Valley Lutheran church on Sunday, Nov. 20, at 10 o'clock. Preparatory service Saturday previous at 2 p. m. W. E. FISCHER.

——A water famine is prevailing in central Illinois and is seriously felt by farmers, stockmen, and even railroads in the eastern part of this county. Farmers have to haul water eight and ten miles for all purposes.

——Don't fail to visit Fauble's clothing store, at Bellefonte, where you will find an immense stock of fine ready made clothing. An endless variety of gent's furnishing goods, underwear, hats, shirts, etc., all at rock bottom figures.

——The best galvanized fence wire is sold by McFarlanes, of Bellefonte, at 4½ cents per pound. This is no "bait" but a genuine offer for the best goods. "Four and a half cents a pound cash," just think of it;—the raw material is worth that without the cost of making. Prior to moving their stock this firm will sell anything in their line cheap for cash. Call and see them.

— Gov. Beaver passed thro' here on Monday morning's train. The governor still "keeps house" at Bellefonte, where his family spend part of their time, and when not absent from Harrisburg in other parts of the state, the governor makes a trip every Saturday over our road to Bellefonte, returning to Harrisburg on Monday morning's train.

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NEWS OF THE WEEK.

—Forest fires are raging in the timber and prairies in the country surrounding Centralia, Illinois. The water supply is limited and the Illinois Central Railroad has to run trains for several miles to get a supply sufficient to keep the shops running. Fires are also reported in the hill region, the woods and the bottom lands in the vicinity of Anna. Timber, fencing and farm lands have been destroyed. The long continued drouth has made everything as dry as tinder. Reports from Charleston, Illinois, are to the effect that there are heavy fires in the timber two or three miles to the south of the town. These fires have been burning for two days, and are still ranging, notwithstanding the people in the neighborhood are fighting the flames by burning and plowing around them. Fires are also burning about the town of Diona. Destructive forest fires have been raging for three days 25 miles south of the towns of Hazleton and Decker, Indiana. The people fought the fires all night on the 4th to save their homes, and they were not subdued until the 6th. A large amount of heavy timber was destroyed.

—While five men were smoking in a shanty at Bridgeport, West Virginia, on the 5th, a spark fell into a keg of powder, blowing up the house. Two of the men—F. Richter and Julius Buckholtz—were killed, and the others were injured, perhaps mortally.

—While workmen were closing a gas well in Tiffin, Ohio, on the 7th, under direction of a contractor named J. D. Welsh and in presence of Solicitor Keppel and J. Rex, a leak was discovered, which could not be located. Mr. Keppel struck a match and an explosion followed, burning all three in a terrible manner about the face, neck and hands. It is thought all will recover, though Keppel may lose both eyes.

—The War Department, on the 7th, received the following telegram to General Terry from General Ruger, dated Crow Agency, Montana, the 5th inst: "Demanded surrender of refractory Crows to-day from chiefs. They did not deliver them in time fixed on. Attempted arrests and smart skirmish followed. The principal offender, Sword Bearer, was killed, and three others of his following. Some parties escaped; will probably come in. Nearly all who were at the agency are in and very submissive. One corporal killed, ten privates wounded and the behavior of troops excellent." The Secretary of the Interior late, on the evening of the 7th, received from Inspector Armstrong at the Crow Agency, the following telegram, dated the 7th: "Refractory Indians all delivered and in guard house but one; he will be delivered to-night. The leader was killed in a skirmish on the 7th. Balance of crows in camp quiet and submissive. No more trouble need be feared, as the Crows will be peaceable and contented in the future. The whole matter has been well managed and successfully terminated by the troops. General Ruger agrees with me and the suggestion that the prisoners be sent to Fort Snelling at once and held until further disposition is decided upon."

—By the explosion of a boiler in a saw mill near Knoxville, Georgia, on the 7th, three men were killed and another was fatally scalded. The boiler had been twenty years in use.

—It is reported from Boone County, West Virginia, that the forest fires "have caused such an unnatural heat in the atmosphere that the trees are budding and putting out new leaves and blooms. In places where the fires have been raging, the thermometer has marked 90 degrees."

—John Jamber, convicted at Racine, Wisconsin, on the 5th, of attempting to kill ex-Mayor Secor with a dynamite bomb, about a year ago, was on the 7th sentenced to ten years' imprisonment. An appeal will be taken.

—Thirty-eight tramps, confined in the workhouse in Lancaster County, Penna., have for several days been in revolt and refused to break stone. On the evening of the 6th a number of them attempted to escape, when one of the number was shot by a keeper; how badly is not known, as the tramps are in possession of the yard and threaten with violence anybody who enters.

—There is said to be a gang of outlaws operating in Kinney county, Texas. "They have stolen cattle and horses, burned ranchmen's dwellings and kidnapped, mobbed or murdered every man not in sympathy with them whom they could catch. So redoubtable have been their crimes and so perfect their organization that, though many of them are known, few arrests have resulted." A farmer near Waco, Texas, lost some fine stock a day or two ago, and "Dan" Wells was arrested on the charge of being one of the thieves. Vigilantes hanged him to a tree, hoping to get a full confession out of him, but he would not confess, and after hanging for ten minutes, was cut down and turned over to a constable, who placed him in jail.

The votes of eleven women were, on the 8th, accepted, at Chenango Bridge, Broome County, New York. All were cast for the straight Prohibition ticket. In Binghamton, no attempt was made to vote by the sixty women who were refused registration on the 5th.

—The Sheriff of Jackson county, Virginia, who lives near the section of Roane county where Rev. Ryan was mordered last month, said in an interview that the men who lynched Coon and the Duffs composed a gang who have been fighting the Duffs for years, owing to the fact that they assisted the United States Marshal in making arrests to break up the moonshiners, to which it is alleged that the lynchers belong. Every effort is being made to bring the lynchers to justice, and the people are divided into two factions. "The impression of Roane and Jackson counties is that Ryan was murdered by others than those who were lynched." At the San Pedro Ranch, near Brownsville, Texas, on the evening of the 6th, Victoriano Ramarez was called to the door of his house and stabbed to death by unknown assailants. At the Charco and Condado Ranch, a station on the Matamoras and Monterey Railroad, Senor Severo Castillo was called to the gate of his house by five or six men, who opened fire on him as he approached. He escaped the first shot, and, drawing a revolver, killed one of the party, wounded another, and put the party to flight, escaping unhurt himself.

—Gustavus Lambert, aged 25 years, suddenly became insane in Quebec on the morning of the 7th, and cut the throats of his wife, child and himself with a razor. It is believed all are fatally wounded.

—According to the returns received of the Philadelphia election on the 8th, Robert P. Dechert, D., was elected Controller over Andrew J. Maloney, R., by a majority of 8455; Charles H. Krumbhaar, D., was elected Sheriff over William R. Leeds, R., by a majority of 7069; George G. Pierie, R., was elected Recorder of Deeds over Joseph G. Ditman, D., by a majority of 22,426. Messrs. William Bartley, R., Theodore B. Stulb, R., and John P. Sensenderfer, D., were elected County Commissioners by the following votes respectively, 85,169, 89,760, 73,360.

—A despatch from Soddy, a mining town 25 miles from Chattanooga, Tennessee, says the mountaineers have armed themselves and are marching against the colored people of that town. The colored people are armed and The Sheriff, with a posse, has gone to the scene. The women and children have taken refuge at one end of the town. Soddy is a Welsh mining town of 1000 population and about 200 colored men are employed at the coke ovens. The trouble has grown out of a fight between a colored and a white man, in which the latter suffered.

—The boiler in Eighmie's shirt factory, in Poughkeepsie, New York, exploded on the evening of the 8th, killing Thomas Lawrence and Ralph Street, and fatally injuring Emerson Roselle. The boiler was an old one, and these men were repairing it. A naphtha gas tank exploded in Hopkinsville, Ky., on the 9th. Superintendent J. B. Hawley's little son Walter, who was sitting on the tank, was hurled a distance of 85 feet and instantly killed. Alva Miller died at his home near Walden, New York, on the 9th, from injuries received by being dragged a distance of three miles by a runaway team. He became entangled in the lines.

—The ringleaders of the rioters at the Soddy Mines, in Tennessee, have been arrested, and everything is quiet. When the mountaineers learned of the arrival of the Sheriff's posse they returned to the mountains without making any attack.

—Dr. H. B. Miller, a prominent physician of Alpha, Missouri, has been arrested on the charge of burning the depot of the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad Company at Niantic, in September last. Alpha is a mile from the railroad, and three miles from Niantic, and "some ill feeling has been manifested in the former place about the location of the depot."

—Some person broke open a switch on a side track on the Midland Central Railroad near Hammond, Indiana, on the evening of the 8th. A freight train running ahead and on the time of the passenger train dashed into the cars on the side track, overturning the engine and breaking about twenty cars. The trainmen saved themselves by jumping. The passenger train was behind time and escaped.

—The President, on the 9th, issued a proclamation announcing the exchange of the ratifications of the amended reciprocity treaty between the United States and Hawaii, which definitely extends the duration of the treaty for some years. Under the amended treaty the United States is given the exclusive right to establish and maintain a naval coaling and repairing station at the mouth of the Pearl river in the island of Oahu.

—At Lost Creek, Penna., on the afternoon of the 9th, a wrecking engine telescoped the rear end of a passenger coach. The passenger train being late had to lay over at this point. The engine had no notice of this, and in rounding a curve crashed into the rear coach. The passengers, of whom there were a dozen, escaped injury.

—A table of majorities by counties in Pennsylvania, many of them official, show a plurality of 36,896 for Hart, Republican, for State Treasurer.

Corrected totals of the vote of New York city give Cook, Democrat, for Secretary of State, 52,981 plurality over Grant. Henry George received 37,316 votes. Fellows' plurality over Nicoll for District Attorney is 21,973.

In the election in Cook county, Illinois (which includes Chicago), Joseph E. Gary, Republican and Democratic candidate for Judge of the Superior Court, received 56,084 votes to 6258 for Black, Socialist.

Full returns from Massachusetts give Ames, Republican, for Governor, 17,611 plurality over Lovering, Democrat. His plurality last year was 9473.

Additional returns from Maryland indicate a Democratic majority of about 10,000 on the State ticket, and Democratic majorities of 16 in the Senate and 44 in the House. The constitutional convention is defeated.

The latest returns from New Jersey indicate that the Republicans will have three majority in the Senate and fourteen in the House.

Sir Charles Tupper was on the 9th elected to the Dominion Parliament from Cumberland, Nova Scotia, by a very large majority over Bulwer, Prohibitionist.

In the Council House, at Tahlequah, Indian Territory, on the evening of the 9th, the leaders of the belligerant factions were caucussing, trying to arrange a compromise. The Lower House formally organized with Robert Meigh, a National, as speaker.

—Dr. William G. Ouchterlony, son of Dr. V. A. Ouchterlony, a prominent physician of Louisville, committed suicide on the morning of the 10th in his father's house by shooting himself through the head. No cause for the deed is known. While O. H. Anderson, a lunatic, was being taken to the insane hospital at Chicago on the morning of the 10th, he heard of Lingg's suicidal act. Thinking it would be good for himself to do likewise, Anderson took a razor from his pocket and cut his throat. He is not expected to recover.

—In Cincinnati early on the morning of the 10th, a small package was received at the American express office, from Cleveland, addressed "Terence Kern, 14 Hathaway Street." Through a mistake the parcel was delivered to C. D. Kerr, a stenographer. When opened it was found to be an infernal machine arranged in a cigar box. There was nothing about the box to indicate who was the sender. A detective was called in and the package was carried to police headquarters. Mr. Kern does not know of any enemy who would attempt his life.

—The latest returns from Ohio indicate that Foraker's plurality in the State will be 21,816. The Legislature will stand: Senate, 24 Republicans. 10 Democrats. and 2 doubtful. The House, 61 Republicans, 43 Democrats, and 4 doubtful.

The latest returns from Iowa indicate a plurality of 17,960 for Larrabee, Republican, for Governor.

The majority against Prohibition in Oregon is now estimated at between 7000 and 8000.

The official returns from all sections of Maryland give Jackson, Democrat, for Governor, 9661 plurality, against a Democratic plurality of over 30,000 2 years ago. The Legislature will be composed of 22 Democrats and 4 Republicans in the Senate and 71 Democrats and 20 Republicans in the House of Delegates, a Republican gain on joint ballot of 10.

—A train with the King and Franklin circus on board was run into by a freight train near Powersville, Georgie, on the morning of the 10th, and the rear coach was demolished. William Clay was killed, and Thomas Hopkins, a musician, fatally injured.

—George Kelly, drummer for J. C. Davis & Co., jewelers, of Boston, reported on the 10th, at Wakefield, Massachusetts, that he had been assaulted and robbed of a valise containing $1100 worth of jewelry, "by a man whom he met on the train while coming from Boston." The police are investigating the matter.

—Charles Ritenmeyer, a notorious burglar, escaped from the county jail at Wilkesbarre on the afternoon of the 10th, through a gate temporary left open by a hostler. He robbed a parsonage and a church about six months ago.

—Fifteen of "the worst desperadoes in the Southwest" escaped from the jail at Tablequat, in the Indian Territory, on the evening of the 10th. A hole was cut large enough for a man to pass through, the two guards were bound and gagged and the cells broken open. Among the escaped criminals are five murderers and three horse thieves. Jesse Pomeroy, the "boy murderer," now a full-grown man, made another attempt to escape from the State prison in Boston on the morning of the 10th. After one attempt a few weeks ago to cut through the iron bars of his cell, they were replaced by steel ones of great strength. He turned his attention to digging out the mortar on the stone wall, and so far succeeded as to break through a point opposite where the gas pipes passed along. He cut the pipe and made a paper tube which conducted the gas through the crevices of the stone wall until a large quantity accumulated in the wall. He then fired the gas causing an explosion, but it was not strong enough to blow out the wall, and only started a seam in the stone. The explosion made Pomeroy unconscious, and the keepers found him lying on the floor. Even had the wall been blown out he could not have escaped. It is said that the explosion has made Pomeroy blind for life.

—The Anarchists Parsons, Fischer, Engel and Spies were hanged in the Chicago jail a few minutes before 12 o'clock on the 11th. While on the scaffold, and just as the rope was being placed about his neck, Engel laughed outright at a joke cracked by a young physician. The last sounds uttered by Fischer and Engel were cheers for Anarchy. The jail was guarded by three hundred heavily armed policemen; a regiment of State militia was quartered at its armory, and several companies of regulars were available in an emergency. The city was quiet, and there were no attempts at rescue or interference. On the afternoon of the 11th Charles Lobersein and Gustav Hains were arrested on the front platform of a street car, in Chicago. They were talking in a loud and threatening manner of what they were going to do "to get even for the death of their friends and the friends of the laboring men." About the same time two bombs, reported to be heavily charged, were found in an omnibus.

—Mrs. McPherson, 38 years of age, was buying some articles in a store in New York on the morning of the 11th, when she fell fainting to the floor. She was carried to a waiting room, when it was found that her head was covered with blood. On removing her bonnet it was ascertained that in falling the hat pin had been forced through her skull into the brain, inflicting fatal injury.

—By an explosion of fire-damp in the Blythe Mines, at Robins' Station, near Pittsburg, on the 11th, William Welsh, mine boss, and David Thompson, a miner, were killed. The mines had been idle for some time, and the men went in to inspect them, preparatory to a resumption of operations on the 12th.

—The Third Avenue Railroad Company, of New York, has mortgaged its plant and franchise to the Farmers' Loan and Trust Company for $5,000,000. The mortgage is executed to secure the five per cent. fifty-year $1000 gold bonds.

—Early on the morning of the 11th, the *Sunday Sayings* office, the Pacific Laundry and the Western News Company's plant, in St. Louis, were burned causing a loss of $80,000. The people were said to be greatly excited, as two dynamite bombs were found in the southern part of the city, and fires from all quarters called the fire department out 26 times during the night. Anarchists are thought to have been the cause of the fires. Several arrests have been made on suspicion. A telegram from St. Louis, received late on the evening of the 11th, says: "Twenty-six alarms, calling the department to twenty-six fires in different parts of the city in fifteen hours, at a period of excitement such as last night, causes considerable uneasiness among the citizens of St. Louis, and many affect to believe that there has been an organized attempt to burn the city.

—Barbara Kandle, aged 60 years, was found murdered near her home at Unionville, Gloucester county, New Jersey, on the 11th. Her head was crushed, and gunshot wounds were discovered in the breast. George Dunham, her son-in-law, has been committed to prison on suspicion of being the murderer.

—Harry E. Moss, manufacturer of clothing in New York, made an assignment on the 11th without preferences. His liabilities are said to be $125,000. It is said the failure is due to the defalcation of a clerk to the amount of $60,000. The clerk has disappeared.

—William M. Locke, a retired banker, of Des Moines, Iowa, committed suicide on the evening of the 11th by shooting himself.

As Clever as Three-card Monte.

"Lady, you've dropped some of your money," said a well-dressed young man to Mrs. S. A. Van Riper, of Newark, in the State Bank at that place recently. Mrs. Van Riper stooped down to pick up a dollar bill, and when she arose her satchel, containing $123, was gone. The man who called her attention to the bill on the floor was still at her side.

"That man is running away with your satchel," he said.

Mrs. Van Riper did not see any man running away, but in her excitement she ran out of the bank to look for the thief. Meanwhile the man who had called her attention to the bill, which, without doubt, he had himself thrown on the floor, went out of a side door, and was seen no more. Mrs. Van Riper, when she got tired of looking for the thief in the street, hurried toward the police station, and was met near there by a man who informed her that he had reported the case to the police. She turned back then, and the police heard nothing about the matter until they learned of it accidentally two hours later. All the confederates got away safe.

Mrs. Van Riper is a waistcoat manufacturer, and was drawing a check to pay her help when the theft was committed. She saw two men watching her, but had no suspicion of their intentions.

How Not to Bring Up Healthy Girls

One of the principal reasons who so many healthy girls become invalid women is owing to the mistaken ideas and restrainsts of mothers. When the girl is young she romps and plays and tumbles about the floor without restrainst, and is healthy. In most instances much too soon long dresses are put on, and the girl is put under a double restraint, and is expected to at once become a lady. Hampered by her clothing, which prevents the free action of the muscles of the body, or if she indulges in any childish plays, or is seen by her mother in any but an upright position, she is told that such conduct is not ladylike and only suitable for boys She soon begins to think she must not bend her body, and must keep constantly in an upright position, excepting when asleep. The result of this teaching is the supports of the internal organs are weakened. The muscles of her back not being used become weak and relaxed, and she stoops forward; immediately stays are provided to take the place of muscles. The shoulders begin to droop forward; shoulder braces are at once put on to supply the place of muscles provided by nature to hold them in their proper position. Thus released of all action they soon become relaxed and useless. Thus nature is supplanted by art until the poor girl becomes more a composition of steel, whalebone and rubber than of muscle, flesh and blood. By this time her mental education is finished, and the proud mother is enabled to introduce to the world an accomplished lady, and at the same time a weak, dependent, invalid woman.

—The bones of a mastodon have been unearthed near Morrisville, Maine.

A YOUNG lady to whom a little four-year-old was much attached bore the name of Grace. Hearing it for a few times the little chit asked: "Mamma, isn't Grace a serious name? It makes me think of prayer."

THE MARKETS.

PROVISIONS—		
Beef city fam bl	8 50	@ 9 00
Hams	17 —	@18 —
Pork Mess	15 50	@— —
Prime Mess, new	15 —	@— —
Sides smoked	— 10¼	@— 10¾
Shoulders smoked	— 7	@— 7¾
do in salt	— 6¾	@— 7
Smoked Beef	13	@ 14
Lard Western bls	6 87½	@ 7 —
Lard loose	6 50	@ 6 75
FLOUR—		
West. and Pa. sup	2 25	@ 2 65
Pa. Family	3 50	@ 3 75
Minn Clear	— —	@ 4 25
Pat. Wnt Wh't	4 25	@ 4 60
Rye Flour	3 50	@— —
GRAIN—		
Wheat No. 1 red	—	@— —
Rye	— —	@— —
Corn, No. 2 White	— —	@— —
No. 3	— 53	@— —
Oat, No. 1 White, new	— 36	@— 38
No. 2 do new	— 35	@— —
No. 2 Mixed, new	— 33	@— 34
FISH—		
Mackerel, Large 1s	40 —	@— —
No. 2 Shore	18 —	@— —
Herring, Lab	— —	@ 6 50
SUGAR—		
Powdered	6 13-16	@—
Granulated	6 11-16	@—
Confec. A	6 5-16	@—
HAY AND STRAW—		
Timothy, choice	15 50	@16 00
Mixed	13 50	@— —
Cut Hay	14 50	@15 00
Rye Straw	16 50	@17 —
Wheat Straw	— —	@— —
WOOL—		
Ohio, Penna and W. Va. Fleece XX and above	31	@33
Common	30	@33
Unwashed medium	28	@30

A TURK'S PLEASURES.

The Favorite Amusement of an Oriental People.

The traits of a people may often be judged as correctly from their pleasures and recreations, as from their history and serious conduct. In the freedom of the idle, pleasure-seeking hours, a people will betray whether they are imaginative or matter-of-fact, whether they are gentle or rough, whether they are sober or buoyant of spirit.

It is usual to find that a people who dwell in rugged, inhospitable lands, in regions of storm and gloomy skies prefer amusements which are hardy and active; while those who dwell in softer, sunnier climes, enjoy themselves in milder recreations.

The old French chronicler, Froissart, observed, when in England, that the English "took their pleasures very sadly." The English, and especially the Scotch, dwelling as they do in a capricious climate, are noted for the ruggedness and hardihood of their sports. The buoyancy and gayety of the French character, on the other hand, are strikingly reflected in the lightness and sparkle which appear in all their favorite pastimes.

The recreations of Oriental people are more interesting, because less familiar to us than those of the Western people, and afford quite as reliable a key to national character.

A recent sojourner in Turkey has given a very entertaining account of the ways in which the subjects of the Sultan beguile their many idle hours. The Turks are an indolent people. The languor of their beautiful climate renders them prone to take the world easily, to have frequent holidays, and to enjoy pleasures which soothe rather than excite.

The principal public recreations of the Turks are three. One is, to witness the burlesque acting of a company of men who do not use any stage for their performances, but issue forth from behind a single screen. These players go about from place to place, erect their screen in the open air and give their performances before the motley crowd of the turbaned idlers who gather around them.

Another favorite amusement is what the writer referred to calls the "Turkish Punch and Judy." This show, however, is given by means of shadows cast upon a white sheet. The effect of this is very weird and striking.

The third public recreation is the gathering in the streets, or on the open spaces, to listen to the thrilling tales of the "meddahs," or professional story-tellers. The meddahs take the place, in Turkey, of lecturers in America. They relate the most exciting stories, with many emphatic gestures, contortions of the face, and modulations of the voice. They sit in the middle of an attentive circle, and often rouse their hearers to a high pitch of breathless interest and excitement by their dramatic powers of narration.

The Turkish women are allowed to witness the burlesque acting; but they are forbidden to be present at the Punch and Judy shows, and at the story-telling of the meddahs. The women, moreover, are not permitted to attend the theatres and opera houses.

Like all Orientals, the Turks are very fond of music and of dancing. But their airs, musical instruments and dances are entirely different from those of Western Europe. They partake very much of the nature of the race as seen in other ways. The Turkish music to Western ears, sounds soft, melodious and monotonous. The Turks, on the other hand, regard European music as too loud, boisterous and confused in sound. A choir; or an orchestra, in Turkey, all sing and play the air only.

The Turks like ceremony, and all their recreations are pursued in a sedate quiet, ceremonious way. The musicians, dancers, story-tellers are ushered before and away from their audiences with flourishes and obeisances, and are rewarded with much solemnity of demeanor.

There are very few recreations in Turkey, in which men and women are allowed to take part in common. When both sexes witness the same performance, the women always sit in a group behind a screen or thick lattice, so that they can witness what is going forward without seeing, or being seen by the men. But in this case, the best point from which to view the performance is accorded to the women.

Buried Beneath a Mountain of Grain.

George Helm, of Sidney, Ill., thinks he can tell how it feels to be smothered to death. He is a grain merchant, and a few days ago went into an elevator where thousands of bushels of oats are stored, when by some means a partition gave way, and the grain came down on on him in an avalanche, covering him seven feet deep above his head. Effort was made to remove the grain, but this was fruitless, and the side of the bins was chopped away and the oats allowed to pour out in a stream that covered and obstructed the railroad track. It was twenty minutes before he was extricated, but life was not extinct, and he was resuscitated after a half-hour's hard work. He suffered intense agony when first buried, but soon became unconscious.

A Philosopher on a Sanctum Stool.

Be logical, my son, whatever else you are. You go to the bald-headed man for your hair restorer; the doctor who prescribes for your diseased stomach is slowly dying of dyspepsia, and the preacher who exhorts you to take no thought for the morrow has taken a lease of his house for ten years. Then why shouldn't you expect that the man without a cent to his name or a whole shirt to his back should be better able than anybody else to tell you how poverty is to be abolished?

Equal parts of chloroform and alchohol will remove paint spots from cotton goods.

No Time to Read.

We dislike very much to hear a laboring man say he doesn't have time to read, because nine times out of ten we know he utters a falsehood when he says it, and nine of the ten men who have no time to read spend their evenings loafing on the street or around the beer counter or the billiard table. The cases are very rare, indeed, where a man doesn't have time to read one or even three or four weekly papers each week if he wants to. It is because he has not interest enough in his own welfare to read and post himself on the events that are transpiring for or against him. He is content to let others do his reading and thinking for him. The class of men that claim they do not have time to read are the curse of the community in which they live. They have no minds of their own, and being as ignorant as a Hottentot, they are used by the sharpers of their town and neighborhood to help them carry out schemes thwart the will of the educated and respected citizens. The man who doesn't have time to read is usually a loafer. The successful business man has plenty of time to read and post himself on matters pertaining to his business, and that is one reason why he is successful. The educated laboring man finds plenty of time to read, and without neglecting his work either. He is the man whom you will find at home evenings with the family. The nail-keg in the corner grocery is never kept warm by him while he listens or telling smutty stories to an ignorant crowd of gaping loafers. He who cannot find time to read never finds time to be a man, but always is the tool of some man who does read. When we hear a great live man say he doesn't have time to read one paper a week we always pity his wife and children to think they have such an indolent, ignorant do-little husband and father.

On the Summit of Mount Shasta.

The wind and cold were so severe that our stay on the summit was shorter than one could wish; however, one hour is about as good as two for a scene to which weeks could not do justice. Northern California and part of Oregon lay spread out like a great bird's eye map. To the south-east, seventy-five miles away, the snows of Lassen's peak seemed quite near, and far beyond it were visible the white tops of other peaks in the great Sierra; while at an equal distance north the beautiful symmetry of Mount Pitt in Oregon shows white above the Cascades, which stretch ridge after ridge for leagues beyond. Beyond the rugged and broken ranges toward the coast the air is cloudy, and we are unable to see the Pacific. The valleys at our feet are so smoky that the lower part of our view is much limited. The view of Mount Shasta itself is grand beyond description. West of us, more than half a mile lower, and two or three miles distant, is the great crater of the moutain. More than half of the great rim is yet intact—what is left of a huge bowl a mile in diameter, whose side seems to have been burst out by its molten contents. In other directions, from the summit, great serrated ridges of rock stretch down into the forest; while between them ever narrowing areas of snow extend for miles to meet the trees, like guards to keep the green from infringing on its white domain. From our great height the lower part of the snow, steep though it really is, looks nearly level, as do the wooded slopes and valleys beyond; and a passing cloud looks in the sunshine like a white sheet spread on the dark green carpet of pines.

Queer Case in India.

An extraordinary appeal case has lately been heard in Madras which puts in evidence the active character of existing superstitions. One of the accused in the original case gave birth in December last to a male child having four eyes, the face of a monkey, and crooked arms and legs, while it grunted like a pig immediately on its birth. The midwife placed the child under a trough and sat upon it, both she and the mother raising cries of alarm. The male prisoners then came and took the child into a field and killed it by striking it on the head with a club.

Their explanation was that the child was an evil spirit, which they were justified by the custom of the country in killing in order to prevent it from doing evil. The judge acquitted them on the ground of a mistake of fact. This decision was necessarily upset on appeal. The accused believed that unless the child had been killed it would have grown to an immense size and devasted the country, and that they were, therefore, committing a merritorious action in obviating so grave a public calamity.

The Wish to Know.

Man's sense of ignorance is one of the greatest of his gifts, for it is the secret of his wish to know. The whole structure and the whole furniture of his mind are adapted to this condition. The highest law of his being is to advance in wisdom and knowledge, and his sense of the presence and the power of things which he can only partially understand is an abiding witness of this law and an abiding incentive to its fulfilment.

A little powdered resin sprinkled on to a cut will present inflammation; put a soft cloth around the finger and wet it with water frequently.

Unsatisfied.

In the morning of life, our good ship manned,
With ne'er thought where the port may be,
We loose our boat from the flowery strand
And sail away on a summer sea,
The wavelets ripple a silvery sheen,
Round gem-like islands with a shining beach;
But beyond those beautiful meadows green
Are fairer ones that we never reach.

The valley is bright with blooming flowers,
And sweet with the wild-wood secrets; but fain
Would we climb the mountain that grandly towers;
And long for heights that we can not gain,
Ah, how we yearn for the enchanted peaks
Whose crests are lost in the golden hazel!
And ever a pathway our footstep seeks,
'Till our eyes grow dim in steadfast gaze.

Why is it we never are satisfied?
Whence comes this spirit of sad unrest,
This haunting ghost e'er by our side,
This restless longing within the breast?
Does the soul still pine for its native clime
And the spirit-haunts that it knew of yore,
Some land where it always is summer time—
Some beautiful dim-remembered shore?

But it finds no rest for the weary feet,
Nowhere beneath the shining stars;
And forever the wild wings beat and beat,
Like a captive bird 'gainst prison bars;
Waiting, waiting, we know not why,
For something. Alas! it is ever thus;
And never beneath the wind-swept sky,
Do the things we wait for come to us.

HAVING HER OWN WAY.

"But I don't want to be rich!" said Violet Howard. "I'm quite as rich as I need to be already. What do I gain by another fifty thousand dollars?"

Old Herodotus Howard stared at his saucy grand-daughter as if she had propounded a piece of rank heresy—as indeed it was in his system of every day theology.

"Violet, you are a fool," said he, harshly. "And it's lucky for you you have a grandfather who can look after your interest better than you seem able to do yourself. Mr. Ericson is to be here to-morrow afternoon. And you will please"—with an ironical emphasis on the word — "receive him as your future husband!"

Violet opened wide her saucy brown eyes.

"And what is to become of Oliver Belton?" she asked, demurely.

"Oliver Belton is nothing to me!" stormed her grandfather. "Neither you nor Oliver Belton thought it proper to consult me before you wound up a boy and girl love affair with a boy and girl engagement; and I might long ago have told you that Mr. Ericson had honored you by a proposal! As it is, you must take the consequences of your own folly!"

And Mr. Howard trolled off down the garden path, to look at his buds of tulips and jonquils.

Violet's eyes followed her grandfather, with a mischievous sparkle in their hazel depths.

"Now I wonder!" she thought to herself, "if grandpapa really thinks I am going to tie myself for life to that old fossil of a Caleb Ericson! To carry his slippers, pour his tea, listen to his lectures upon the 'movement cure' and 'salt water bathing,' for—nobody can guess how many years! Not if I know myself to be really and truly Violet Howard! But then, I've got to be very cautious, for I know grandpapa owes him a deal of money, and poor grandpapa has been very kind to me, even though he don't quite understand how Oliver and I feel toward each other!"

Violet sat down on the farm-house step, her cheek resting in one hand, and pondered deeply.

What a pretty little "cabinet picture' she would have made in the cool afternoon sunshine, with the apple blossoms showering their tiny pink shells all around her on the grass, and the downy, yellow chickens peeping around her for a morsel of meal or a bit of crumbled bread. She was plump and round and chubby herself like the chickens, and pink, like the apple blooms, and passing fair to look upon. Whoever Oliver Belton might have been he was unquestionably, a gentleman of good taste.

Presently Violet rose up again and went into the house, only stopping to gather a cluster of cinnamon roses to pin into her golden-brown hair as she went.

"Dorcas!" said she, putting her face into the kitchen, where the said maid-servant was chopping suet for an unctuous pudding.

Dorcas looked up, even her hard countenance softening at the radiant apparition of youth and beauty in her homely kitchen world.

"Well, Miss Vi'let!"

"We shall commence to clean house to-morrow."

"To clean house! Miss Vi'let, and company coming.

Violet's brows contracted.

"Company ought to make no difference at a regular institution like this, Dorcas."

"But it's a full fortnight earlier than ever we commenced afore," remonstrated Dorcas.

"I can't help that," said Violet briskly, "can't have the spring cleaning dragging half through the year.

"There's something in that," said Dorcas reflectively. "But what will master say?"

"He needn't know it, Dorcas, until we've got the carpets all up and the floors all deluged with soap-suds. And then you see, Dorcas," and the brown eyes shone mischievously, "he can't help himself."

Dorcas smiled grimly. Dorcas White never had a lover or a love affair in all the six-and fifty years of her solitary life, but Dorcas had a woman's instinct lying dormant within her heart, and she evidently comprehended the whole affair.

"Very well, Miss Vi'let," she said.

And Violet went singing off to skim the cream for tea.

Mr. Ericson came in the next evening's stage, complacently looking forward to country air, country rest and country delicacies, after his long dusty journey. He was a portly, well-preserved old gentleman, with a bald head, a dyed mustache and a set of expensive false teeth, who considered that, as money had bought pretty much everything else in the world for him it might wind up matters by purchasing a pretty eighteen-year-old wife in the personality of Violet Howard!

Mr. Howard had gone to the nearest village that day on some legal business and only contrived to meet his expected visitor at the very garden gate.

"Delighted to see you, I'm sure," said Mr. Howard, taking off his stove-pipe hat and mopping his brow with a spotless silk pocket handkerchief. Lovely spring weather we're having. Yes, yes; walk in, walk in. Dorcas, where's Miss Violet?"

Dorcas, who made her appearance with a visage as stony as that of the Gorgons of old, and her head tied up in a towel, sat down her pail and scrubbing brush.

"She is up-stairs, sir, polishin' the back windys."

"Polishing the back windows! my granddaughter!"

"Yes, sir, We're cleaning house, sir," chuckled Dorcas.

"The deuce you are!"

Mr. Howard's under jaw dropped. He turned to his guest.

"There is no accounting for woman's freaks," said he, sourly.

"But I certainly told Violet you were coming."

"Don't, I beg of you, let me interfere with any of your household arrangements," said Mr. Ericson, whose idea of house-cleaning consisted of leaving a dirty room in the morning, and coming back to new curtains, fresh chair covers and polished furniture at night. You see our old bachelor had yet much to learn.

Violet came to the tea-table, her pretty face disfigured by a close cap, a bib apron enveloping her figure in its voluminous and curious folds and a pre-occupied air. There was nothing to eat but bread and butter, damaged pickles and cold pork.

"Eh! How's this?" asked Mr. Howard, surveying the board with a disgusted air. "Is this the best you have to set before us, Violet?"

"Grandpapa!" said Violet, with an injured air, "you know I have some ambition to be a good housekeeper—and how can I clean house properly and yet spend my whole time in the kitchen? Besides, I for one don't believe in indigestible dainties. If ever I keep house I shall live on plain Graham bread and simple cold water!"

Mr. Ericson, who was rather fond of harmless little side-dishes and salads, jellies and creams, winced visibly. Grandpapa Howard stared at the saucy little girl in blank wonder.

After tea Mr. Ericson sat down to a chat with Violet; but he had scarcely spoken a sentence before she rose.

"Excuse me!" said she; "but I must go and see that the carpets are brought in from the grass and the white-wash pails covered. Your room was white-washed to-day, Mr. Ericson, and thoroughly scrubbed. I saw to it, myself!"

"Eh?" gasped the elderly lover thinking of his rheumatism and sciatica. "Possibly it may be a little damp—if—if any other apartment was equally as convenient—"

The bedsteads are all down, and the carpets all up!" interrupted Violet. "You can either sleep there or in the barn, whichever you choose!"

Mr. Ericson looked rather discomfited. Evidently the velvet kitten could scratch, if she chose! And wasn't it just possible that Violet Howard might be a shrew? He was no Petruchio to attempt taming this Katherine—and—

Just then Mr. Howard came in, and the old gentleman's reverie was cut short.

He went yawning to his bedroom, at nine o'clock. It was rather stupid to sit by the light of a kerosene lamp and listen to old Howard's platitudes. Violet came near him no more.

"Phe—e—w!" said Mr. Ericson, looking hopelessly at the wet floors, and reeking walls of his room. "Sheets damp, I'll bet a cookey! My good woman," to Dorcas, who was carrying his lamp; "how often does your young lady clean house?"

"Four times a year, sir," said Dorcas promptly," and oftener if she thinks the house needs it. She's a dreadful smart housekeeper, is Miss Vi'let.

"Four times a year!" echoed Mr. Ericson, in dismay. "Why a man's life would be scoured and scrubbed and steamed away from him at this rate."

He woke up at the first dawn of the morning, stiff, sore, with aching pains in every joint.

Confound house-cleaning," he thought, as he contrived to draw his broadcloth coat across the newly-whitened wall, thereby causing it to assume a resemblance to a miller's blouse. "I've had enough of it."

He came down to a breakfast of weak coffee, pickles and cold pork again, with a bag ready packed.

"You're not going to leave us, Ericson?" cried his host.

"I—I find important business will take me away this morning," unblushingly lied our venerable hero. "And look you here Howard—a word in your ear—I find, on mature reflection, that it would be very foolish for an old codger like myself to think of allying myself, to your — ahem — charming grand-daughter. May and November, eh? and all that sort of thing! She'll be a great deal happier with some one nearer her own age. And," speaking very fast to anticipate the opposition he saw in Mr. Herodotus Howard's face, "about that trifle of money between us, we'll cry quits. What does a few dollars signify between friends?" Take it as a wedding present to Miss Violet, whenever she finds some one to take my place. Ha! ha! ha!"

And away went Mr. Ericson.

Violet Howard did not waste a single tear over her recreant lover. She went merrily on with the spring cleaning. And when the annual ceremonial was over she married—Oliver Belton! It was very singular how Violet Howard always contrived to have her own way.

—The same latitude in details prevails in fashionable garments this fall, in hats, bonnets, dresses and wraps that has prevailed for several years.

—L. C. Chase, the former owner of Hopeful, 2.14¼, is dead.

—The Western Turf Congress will meet in Lexington this month.

Never have a sink under a window if you can avoide it.

THAT DANCING GIRL.

or, Love Finds a Way.

Oswald Money was the son of a poor country doctor and he had come to London to make his own fortune. There was no inducement for him to follow his father's business, so he had to go into trade and spent his days on a high stool making up accounts for a large exporting firm.

While he was waiting to become a partner in the concern he lived with his Aunt Ursula Money, who compelled him to keep early hours and to regulate his habits with mathematic exactness to suit her fancy.

Oswald was not a sentimental youth nor easily impressed, but coming home from work one night he stopped for a moment to watch a merry group of girls dancing in the parlor of one of the villas he passed. There was one tall girl, with dark eyes and black hair, who seemed to be teaching the others a Spanish dance, clicking the castanets as an accompaniment. Oswald went on his way but the memory of that girl went with him. He was enthusiastic that night at the table about what he had seen, but Miss Ursula would hardly listen.

"Tut, tut! the subject is distasteful to me. Reach me the paper. Have you read the report of the Social Science Meeting?"

She read.

Oswald lazily moved about the room.

"Really!" she cried, "I cannot endure your aimless fidgets. Has Herodias bewitched you?"

"It is the dance, aunt, that has bewitched me. If I only knew the name of it I dare say I could exercise my demon."

"A minuet?"

The young man laughed lightly. Then he described what he had seen.

"Castantets ?" said the old lady sharply.

"I suppose so."

"Tarantella—a witch's dance."

"A fairy's dance, if you will."

Another silence fell, and Miss Ursula either dozed or ruminated—she certainly did not read, for the paper had got turned upside down in her angry contempt, and she never righted it.

Presently she said suddenly:

"Where did you see that foreign folly?"

"The dancing? In Lansdowne Villas. There were four fair girls and one dark one. Do you know any people answering that description?"

He tried to seem careless but failed.

"I may or I may not."

"Then perhaps"—he took the "may not" for simply being words thrown in for his behoof, and therefore heeded them not—"perhaps you may some day come across Herohas—I beg her pardon for so misnaming her."

"Do you mean to say that you did not know that Drayson's head-clerk lives there—in Lansdowne Villas?"

"Well? Not at that house, surely?"

Oswald actually flushed.

"I am ignorant of which your house is." The old lady jerked her head as she set her gold spectacles more tightly on her nose. "I know that he has taken some Spanish girl to educate with his daughters—a nice thing for his wife to have a young Popish minx undermining her family."

"The family seemed happy under the process," carelessly said Oswald.

"Pshaw! He'll repent it. Mark my words."

"The daughter of one of our correspondents, I suppose," mused the young man.

"'Suppose' nothing," commanded Miss Ursula grimly, "or you'll repent in worse dust and ashes than poor Mrs. Reddison. I'll have no Papistical dancing niece brought here—mind!"

She only strengthened that vague germ of fancy of which we have spoken. Such things may exist slumberously for a long while, but just give one nick of opposition to the fancy and it starts into a full growth at once.

Oswald Money before long was a welcome guest at the house of his fellow-clerk. The old clerk would continue in clerkdom, but Money all the world knew would rise to mastership either in "Drayson's" or in connection with "Drayson's"—a man may be glad enough to welcome such a fellow to his house when there are four fair young daughters with an unseen future before them.

Alas and alas for the Reddison hopes!

It was Carolina, the Spanish girl. She was as full of grace and of all sweet charms in the clear light of companionship as she had been through the misty October night, She it was for whom Oswald Money angered his aunt.

Yes, without doubt he had offended her beyond any retrieving. She soon knew all, and she spoke some few of her strong words.

She turned Oswald out of her house, and she altered her will.

Things happen strangely in this world, which looks so utterly commonplace.

Three years went by.

Oswald was working hard, and would rise by his own worth and capability. Lina had left the Reddison and for six months went to stay at Brighton with some relations of her own who were in England—by-the-bye, she was of high rank, and her father was Don X——. She was a girl strangely particular in the matter of lovers, she would need perfection. But all that could wait until she went home, when the relations returned to Spain. Perhaps she had some sure perception of that perfect lover, though as yet no one had declared himself to her under that name.

No; Oswald had his ideas of manly honor—he was not rich yet.

Miss Ursula Money became ill, and she also went to Brighton. One day, driving along the King's Road, her horses took fright at some hideous clang of so-called music, and an accident happened. The old lady's collar-bone was broken.

Things are done with barbaric freedom at such times; they carried her into the house occupied by a Madame Molinez. She might have been carried home almost as easily. Well, she was not, and here came the ordering of fate. A tall, dark girl, whose touch was gentleness itself, and whose voice was music, though it bore what once Miss Ursula would have contemned as a foreign ring, nursed her, or helped to nurse her.

The girl was Lina P——, Miss Ursula thought her name was Molinez, and that she was a daughter of the lady who so courteously housed her — the invalid.

While this was going on Oswald Money got his promotion—would he accept the post of manager of the branch house at Lisbon, becoming thereby a partner in the house of Drayson & Co.?

Accept?—of course he accepted at once.

He wrote a letter home, and he went off at once to Brighton; he knew enough of Senor Molinez to be able to call at his wife's house.

Miss Ursula was weak and fretful; she heard sounds about the house, and she missed her sweet young nurse.

"Why do you not stay with me?" she called when Lina came back after a long absence.

The girl was flushed, and tears of gladness shone in her eyes.

"What is it? Are you ordered back home? You do not want to go? Come and stay with me in London." The old lady spoke sharply, but not unkindly.

"Yes," I go," she said. "But many things are changed; I do not go to stay at my father's house"——

"Some marrying nonsense!" snapped the old lady.

Lina laughed then she directly after began to cry.

"I will not cry!" she burst out; "I am too happy; but ah! how can I tell you all? I will make you angry with me—hate me!"

"Stuff! Who are you going to marry? Is he a gentleman?—is he an Englishman?—is he rich?"

"Yes—yes — yes. All three — yes. But you do not think I care about the last—do you?"

"I do. Lovers are fools," growled Miss Ursula. "Is the creature in the house?"

"Yes."

Lina's face was a study of brilliant purpose. She clasped her hands energetically.

"Bring him to me."

"And you will say he is good? You will say that I, Lina, am good, too? You will not be angry with me? You will not say, 'Bah! I will have no foreign niece'?"

"Ah!"

Lina was gone.

The poor old lady was weak; she fell a-crying, and so they found her—they, Oswald Money, her nephew, and Lina X——, her future niece.

"You!" she cried, and she brushed her unusual ears way. "You," she shook her hand at Oswald. "She's taken me in altogether, and—and—there! give me a kiss child!"

Only a Women's Voice.

The bell had rung and the car was about to start on its down town trip from the Exposition grounds yesterday afternoon, when he boarded the car. It did not require more than a glance to convince every one who saw him that he was drunk—very much so, in fact. He sank into an unoccupied seat in the corner, leaned his weary head against the fare box and in a moment was in that stupor which too much whisky produces. The driver evidently knew him and smiled as he said: "I'll attend to you when we get down here a piece."

In a few moments the car stopped and the driver stepped inside, shook the sleeper and told him in an auctioneer tone of voice to "wake up and get off," But the passenger did neither. Then a gentleman next to him endeavored to arouse him, but beyond a muttered remark that could not be understood he remained a fixture in his seat.

This sort of thing was becoming monotonous when a little woman was seen approaching the car. A slight rain was falling, and she daintily picked her way across the muddy street and stepped upon the car. She glanced inside but did not enter, and spoke but one word—"John." It was not a loud "John," but through the befuddled brain of that drunken sleeper it seemed to flash, penetrating and starting into life every faculty, and as though an electric battery had completed the circuit directly beneath him, he sprang up, and as gracefully as was possible to him left the car supported by that little woman, whose voice had almost sobered him.

The moral of this little incident can be arranged to suit the taste, but the superiority of the female voice under such circumstances cannot be doubted.

Smoking Under Water.

"Do you know how that trick of smoking under water is done?" asked a showman the other day. "You'll see it tried in the swimming tanks. It looks strange. I admit, to see a man go under water with a lighted cigar in his mouth, smoke calmly at the bottom, and come to the surface with the cigar burning as nicely as if he were smoking in his easy chair. It is a trick, but it requires practice. I used to be quite proficient at it. Just as I threw myself backward to go down, I would flip the cigar end for end with my tongue and upper lip and get the lighted end in my mouth, closing my lips water tight around it. A little slippery elm juice gargled before going in, prevents any accidental burning of the mouth. Going slowly down backward, I would lie at full length on the bottom of the tank and blow smoke through the cut end of the cigar. Just as I reached the surface again another flip reversed the cigar, and there I was smoking calmly. The reversing is done so quickly that nobody notices it."

"Mr. Hoskins, I'm glad you've staid to dinner with us to-day."

"Thank you, Johnny.' Why are you glad?"

"I heard mamma tell the cook two hours ago that there wasn't any signs of your going, and she might as well open a jar of preserves. If you hadn't staid, we wouldn't have had any preserves, I expect—why, mamma, what are you punching me that way for with your knee?"

Milk bread dries out faster than water bread.

FASHION NOTES.

—Fine all-wool black serges make useful dresses.

—Steel-gray alpaca and mohair are the popular materials for travelling suits.

—Lace and jet passementeries are the correct trimmings for black silk dresses.

—The newest imported French hats and bonnets have lower crowns and wider brims.

—Soutache velvet is a new fabric that imitates braid patterns on velvet over wool grounds.

—Polonaises with only a hint of looping will be worn over velvet and antique broche mohair skirts.

—New braided jackets have long waistcoats, overlapping turned back fronts, high collars, and backs that mold the figure like a glove.

—A frise broche cloth, having a pattern all over it so that it requires no trimming, is being made up into the tight-fitting full-skirted paletots.

—Wood, bronze and tawny tans are the preferred autumn tints for the principal part of suits made up of two fabrics. These colors combine well with most bright ones.

—The Jacquard loom has been busy in the production of flowered velvet, plush and curly pile stripes in varicolored, finely graded shades on dull surfaced neutral tinted woolens.

—This is the time of year when those who contenplate buying winter wraps—generally an expensive matter—begin to look about them. The choice is a large one. Fur will be much worn; sealskins are made as mantles, which are short in the back and long in the front, and as large voluminous wraps which completely cover the figure. Sealskin jackets are quite short in the basque, but are often made double-breasted, with large brown buttons.

—Bonnets show a decided tendency toward the poke shape, and in some this tendency is fully developed. White cloth, embroidered, is the newest material, but a very pretty little bonnet of plain black velvet derives its quaintness from being studded over with very small paste diamonds, riveted into the velvet like stars. A less dressy bonnet has its crown entirely composed of the multitudinous loops of a bow of narrow black ribbon, all caught down at the beginning of the brim with gilt pins and evenly overlapping one anther. Feather edgings are much used to line and edge the brims, both in black and white.

—The long nun's or Carmelite pelisses are much liked for traveling because they are protective, stylish and easily put on and off. They are simply long, straight garments, shirred about the throat, with or without hoods, and inside the fronts have short sling sleeves. They are finished with a deep hem all round, and closed with handsome clasps, or simply tied under the chin with long strips of faille or satin ribbon the shade of the pelisse. These dust mantles are made variously of surah, French cashmere, mohair, camel's hair, serge and vigogue, and, though worn by women of stout figure, are really not becoming to any but those of slender build.

—In trimmings there is a new departure in favor of elaborate fringes, and, though the jetted passementeries are handsome and more elaborate than ever, the somewhat stiff arrangements of small silk balls, cords and tassels, which are exact miniature reproductions of the old curtain fringes, seem likely to replace jet for some while in popular favor. Akin to these, but less formal, are fringes made of knotted pendants of black silk balls of various sizes, which recall in their arrangement the seed vessels of the plane tree. Other fringes are made entirely of black silk crochet, and are pretty and soft in effect. In jet the last idea seems a frosted appearance, produced by the surface of beads being covered over with tiny grains. These beads, when mingled with the cut jet, give value to the glitter of the latter, while rendering it less distracting to the eye. While on the subject of jet, we must note one novelty which would make a charming birthday or Christmas present—the fashionable long-handled eye-glasses, made in cut jet instead of tortoise shell. The brilliancy of the jet make them pretty toys and a desirable adjunct to a black evening gown.

—Curled natural lamb's wool is much employed on short cloth jackets, which for the early autumn are mostly putty color, but will be worn in blue and brown shades, and, the newest of all, a dark paon or peacock, and on this the undyed wool looks particularly well. Red cloth jackets with black Astrakhan are fashionable; they show a good deal of the fur, which is employed as a large collar, with one revers crossing the front diagonally. All this class of jacket have the stitched half-moon shaped pockets at the side.

Quite a new introduction is the Killarney cloak, which we borrow from the Irish peasant. It is chiefly made in rough red frieze cloth, or in a dark blue, very elaborately braided in two widths of gold braid. It is warm, but unbecoming to all but very slender figures, for it is set with thick single plaits into a straight neckband braided in gold; but the plaits tend to thicken the shoulders. It reaches to the hem of the dress. The two fronts, bordered with the gold braiding, are distinct, the sides opening over them for the arms to slip through. A band goes round the waist, covering the box-plait in the centre of the back, and confining the fronts. It is a good country or carriage wrap.

The newest coats imported from Paris either envelope the figure entirely, fitting the back, or are short at the back, just covering the waist, and form two long ends in the front. They are made in velvet, corded silk, matelasse, such as the Susanite matelasse, and the new peau de sole faconne which shows a geometric pattern in satin. The description of a few models will best bring the fashionable makes before the readers.

HORSE NOTES.

—Crit Davis writes that his 4-year-old colt, trotted a half mile in 1.16.

—The bay stallion Ansel has obtained a record of 2.20 at Bay District Park.

—Green Mountain Maid is 25 years old. and has an unweaned colt valued at $8600.

—A. J. Cassatt's horses have gone into their winter quarters at Chesterbrook Farm.

—The fastest time ever made on the Ivy City track was Hanover's mile in 1.41½, on the 31st ult.

—The coffin of the late George Fordham, the jockey, has his inscription: "It is the pace that kills."

—H. Dailey, of this city, has brought from the Genessee Valley Stock Farm the bay mare Tansy.

—Messrs. Appleby and Johnson have paid $17,000 for Raceland, which made such good time at the Ivy City races.

—J. H. Conklin, the son of the late R. B. Conklin, of Greenport, L. I., will manage his father's trotting stock.

—Fannie Willoughby (late Ten Foil), foaled in 1884, has broken up, and will be bred to Little Ruffin next year.

—Blood poisoning has killed the chestnut mare Peaceful, 12 years old, by Planet, out of Loretta by Sovereign.

—A controlling, 51 per cent., in the stallion Sultan. 2.24, has been sold to Walton Handy, of Cyntpians, Ky., for $13,000.

—Wilkins, owned by John Madden, trotted a mile recently over the Louisville course in 2.19½—the last half mile in 1.08½.

—Kisber, the Hungarian horse, which won the Lerby in 1876, has been sold for $20,000 to the Ducal stud at Harburg.

—The brood mare Linda Lewis died at Bardstown, Ky., the other day, aged 23 years. She was the dam of Kioba and Linden.

—F. Owsley, of Burksville, Ky., has bought the 4-year-old stallion Red Squirrel, by Black Squirrel, by James W. Hayden, of Lexington, Ky.

—Standard Bearer, 2.29½, by Forrest Golddust, who has been traveling through Maryland as Circulator, has been sold at Frederick for $3500.

—F. J. Berry, of Chicago, has sold to a Boston man for $3000 the chestnut gelding Charley Bay, 2,25¾, by I. J., dam by Vermonter.

—A grayhound named Clothesline beat the running horse Black Diamond a quarter of a mile in 27 seconds at Kettson's St. Paul track recently.

—Joe Hooker, once valued at $3000, but now 22 years old, was sold for $85 at Harrisburg the other day by his owner, James Rudy, Jr., to John Young.

—Z. E. Simmons, of the Walnut Hill Stock Farm, has sold the bay 3 year old colt Girard, by Beverly dam by George Wilkes, for $4000, to James Boyd, of San, Jose, Cal.

—William M. Singerly's 2 year old colt, full brother to Katherine S., by Messenger Chief, trotted a half mile in 1.15½. The colt is being developed by Macey Bros., Versailles, Ky.

—John Madden has placed in Crit Davis' hands a 2 year old pacer called Araminta. Recently Araminta was taken from a pasture field, and without any preparation went a half mile in 1.19.

—The 2 year old Nutwood filly Irma, who made a record of 2.24½ at the Kentucky Breeders' Meeting, was driven her first mile last spring in 2.43. She suffered all summer from distemper.

—C. J. Hamlin, at Buffalo, drove his two mares, Belle Hamlin and Justina, to the pole a mile in 2.18. The wagon they were hooked to weighed 155 pounds, and Mr. Hamlin's weight was 185 pounds.

—These horses belonging to the Chicago Stable have been castrated: Spaiding, Jacobin (yearling brother to Jacobin) and a yearling by King Ernest, dam Fan Fan.

—Sable Wilkes, a 3 yoar old colt, trotted a mile in 2.18 at San Francisco, making the best record for 6 year olds. He is by Guy Wilkes, dam by The Moor, and comes from the San Mateo Stock Farm.

—We are in receipt of a letter from W. H. Crawford, the driver, which states that he was purchased the Smith farm, two and one-half miles from Lexington, Ky., where he will engage in the breeding and developing of trotting horses.

—The best sale of trotters and pacers over held in Tennessee took place at Ewell Farm, Spring Hill, last week, when seventy-eight head were sold, bringing $14,329. Nine pacers averaged $377 each, and twelve yearling trotters $278 each.

—The Minnehaha Driving Association has been informed at Minneapolis, and $35,000 worth of stock has been subscribed. The capital stock will be $100,000, with which a mile track will be laid out and buildings and stables erected in time for next season.

—General Wilkes, who has closed the season with a record of 2.21¾, is by George Wilkes, out of Grace Goodman, 2.31, by Peacock, son of Benton's Diomed, second dam by Drennon, and third dam by Grey Eagle. He is 16 years old, and stands 16 hands high.

—During the present season only Harry Wilkes and Belle Hamlin have made records better than 2.14, and only three horses, excluding Jay-Eye-See, have trotted in better than 2.17 without beating 2.14. These were Prince Wilkes, Patron and Arab.

—At the Lincoln autumn meeting the Lincoln autumn handicap was won by Mr. T. Valentine's 3 year old bay filly St. Helen, with Mr. W. Stevenson's 5 year old chestnut mare Nightcap second. Mr. Melville's 3 year old colt Horton, and Mr. T. J. Enning's 3 year old chestnut filly Valentine ran a dead heat for third place. There were nine starters.

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

November 17. 1887.

Guess Plymouth church is happyn,we and will have the Gospel to suit its taste if not according to St. Paul.

The advisory committee of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, reported in favor of extending a call to Rev. Charles A. Berry, of Wolverhampton, Eng.

Stanley, the explorer, has been heard from as late as September 8, and at that time was still pushing his way into the wilds of Africa. It seems strange that with our largely-extended knowledge of geography there should still be vast tracts of unexplored and undiscovered territory, but as a matter of fact we have only outline maps of Africa, parts of Asia and South America. Great areas are still to be explored. Even in our country there are miles of wilderness that have never been carefully examined or made the subject of reports. There is plenty of work yet to be done by adventurers of the Stanley type.

The Supreme Court recently decided a case that may be of interest to some people besides the parties directly concerned. A Harrisburg furniture dealer sold goods to a married woman, notwithstanding the husband had notified him orally and by letter not to do so on credit. The furniture man brought suit against the husband and the jury found a verdict in his favor, the husband had ratified the wife's purchase permitting them to remain in the house and using them. The Supreme Court decided that this was an error, that there was no ratification on the part of the husband in permitting the goods to remain in the house, and that it was not his duty to remove the goods nor notify the dealer to take them away. If the latter chose to take his chance of recovery after notice not to sell he had that right. but he could not improve it into a right of action against the husband.

TO OUR READERS.

We cannot too strongly urge upon our readers the necessity of subscribing for a family weekly newspaper of the first class—such, for instance, as THE INDEPENDENT, of New York. Were we obliged to select one publication for habitual and careful reading to the exclusion of all others, we should choose unhesitatingly THE INDEPENDENT. It is a newspaper, magazine, and review, all in one. It is a religious, a literary, an educational, a story, an art, a scientific, an agricultural, a financial, and a political paper combined. It has 32 folio pages and 21 departments. No matter what a person's religion, politics or profession may be, no matter what the age, sex, employment or condition may be, THE INDEPENDENT will prove a help, an instructor, an educator. Our readers can do no less than to send a postal for a free specimen copy, or for thirty cents the paper will be sent a month, enabling one to judge of its merits more critically. Its yearly subscription is $3.00, or two years for $5.00

Those who desire to subscribe for *The American Agriculturist* as well as THE INDEPENDENT cannot make a better bargain than by accepting THE INDEPENDENT's offer to send both papers for one year for the sum of $3.75, Each subscriber will thus save seventy-five cents on the two papers.

Address, THE INDEPENDENT, 251 Broadway, New York City.

TRIAL LIST FOR SECOND WEEK.

The trial list for the first week of court has been published. The second week begins on Monday, December 5, the following causes having been assigned for trial:

Alpheus A Hall and S Miller McCormick, executors of Samuel Hall, dec'd, vs John W. Cooke, ejectment. Also one for trespass.

Charles Witmer vs The Bellefonte and Buffalo Run Railroad Company.

Philips Keller vs Mary, P Over, David A Over, Jane E Ingham, and others.

Matthew R Adams vs Robert Valentine and others trading as Valentine & Co.

John McCloskey and Mathias W McCloskey, vs D B Kunes and Joseph B Poorman, ejectment.

The Geiser Manufacturing Company vs Thomas J Dunkle, trespass.

S Morris Waln and Howard Conrow, administrators of T Conrow, dec'd, vs Benjamin Rich, debt.

E H Long and D S Kauffman, trading as D S Kauffman & Co vs The Farmer's Mutual Fire Insurance Company of Centre county.

Samuel F Foster, use of Rhoda G Taylor vs John F Potter.

Samuel F Foster use of Mary Eby, administratrix vs John F Potter.

James Pierpoint vs James S Cross et al.

George W Kelley vs Abraham Hicks, William H Jones vs Wm McClure Hammond, executor of John Brett.

The Borough of Milesburg vs J. Miles Green.

H M Confer vs Conrad Long.

Michael Grove vs The Bellefonte, Nittany and Lemont Railroad Company.

Brockerhoffs, as trustees, vs Jacob Reasner.

James C. Waddle vs John W McGarvey.

John Mills Hale, trustee, vs W W Hale.

The Singer Manufacturing Company vs Wm H Every.

Jacob Leathers vs Mary Stine and C B Horning, adm'x.

Daniel P Rishel vs John S Fisher.

O H Braisington use of Young Brothers vs E J Pruner and D S Keller, administrators.

Daniel Garman vs W H Williams.

Bunnel & Aikens vs Ellis L Orvis.

The Safe Deposit Company of Pittsburg vs Ephraim Lewis and others.

George R Boak vs William Watson.

Rudolph Mulholland use of George R Boak vs William Watson.

William Grauer vs George Davis.

W E Zierden vs J A McOmber.

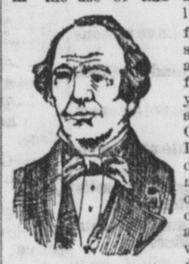
C B Hess vs The Union County Mutual Live Stock Insurance Company.

Susan Emerick vs Mary C Emerick.

SILENT SPEECH.

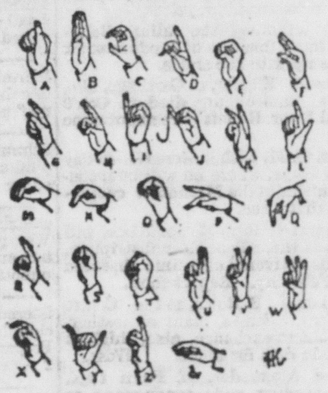
Who Originated the Single-Handed Alphabet — Abbe De L'Epee and His Noble Work.

The single-handed manual alphabet, as mostused among deaf mutes in this country, was originated by the good Abbe Charles Michael de l'Epee. Abbe de l'Epee was a French priest, and the first person to take up the instruction of deaf mutes. The Abbe Sicard, who succeeded Abbe de l'Epee, was, says the New York *Journal*, also a French priest and instructed Dr. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, the deceased father of Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, of St. Ann's Episcopal Church, at West Eighteenth street, in the use of this alphabet. Dr. Gallaudet afterwards founded the first school for the deaf and dumb in Hartford one hundred years ago, which was aided by Laurent Clerc, a deaf mute. Dr. Gallaudet is called by our deaf mutes the "Pioneer of Deaf Mutes' Education in America," and next December will be the one hundredth annniversary of the foundation of the first school for deaf and dumb in America, which was indorsed by Laurent Clerc, a deaf mute sent by Abbe Sicard to this country in company with T. H. Gallaudet.



LAURENT CLERC.

The first man who appears to have interested himself in the deaf mute was Aristotle, three hundred and fifty years before Christ. After some fruitless endeavors, this philosopher pronounced those beings deprived of all intellect, and on that account incapable of receiving any instruction. This erroneous opinion was maintained for several centuries, and the deaf mute remained



SINGLE HAND MANUAL ALPHABET.

condemned to a life of ignorance, but to the last century was reserved the honor of giving birth to the genius who was to make the deaf hear and the dumb speak.

Charles Michael de l'Epee was born at Versailles, France, on November 24, 1712. He received in his family a true Christian education, which bore abundant fruit. After completing his studies with remarkable success, he labored for the salvation of souls many years. He then undertook the work of the intellectual and moral regeneration of deaf mutes. Here is the fact related by his disciple and successor, the Abbe Sicard:

"Two deaf mute girls were living in their father's house in Paris, just opposite the house of the Brothers of the Christian

STATUE OF DE L'EPEE.

schools. Father Famin, of the Congregation of the Christian Doctrine, tried to instruct them and had obtained some success, when he died.

Some time after the Abbe de l'Epee called at the house. The mother being absent, the two young deaf mutes received him with that interesting air which is peculiar to youth, but in silence. The Abbe asks a few questions; the girls remain silent, absorbed in their work. He continues to speak; no answer. The Abbe is ignorant of their infirmity. The mother enters and every thing is explained. The good priest mingles his tears with those of the unhappy mother and retires filled with the desire of fitting himself to replace the good Father Famin by restoring, if it lay in his power, speech and hearing to the young persons.

"The Abbe de l'Epee believing that these children would live and die in ignorance of their religion if he did not try to teach them, he invented that alphabet of the hand which nowadays is spread over the whole world. Noticing that the alphabet could not entirely suffice to the exegencies of a thorough instruction, he invented a language of signs, which in our time draws forth the admiration of all who know it."

The City of Versailles, France, has a statue of Abbe de l'Epee on the magnificent pleasure grounds which were created by Louis XIV. Another statue of Abbe de l'Epee was erected in the garden of the Paris Deaf and Dumb Institution on May 24, 1879. It was made and presented to the institution by the famous French deaf-mute sculptor, Mons. Martin. The pedestal is adorned with three bronze bas-reliefs. It represents Abbe de l'Epee in his cassock teaching a little deaf boy the word "Dieu" (God). The sacred name is inscribed on a tablet which he holds in his left hand, as its dactylologic representation is depicted. While his right hand makes the initial letter "D," his eyes are bent upon the little deaf boy standing by him, who gazes intently at the inscription as he is trying to imitate with his fingers.

The Best of Reasons.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—What impelled you to attempt suicide?

Prisoner—It was a conversation I overheard, sir, on the boat coming down from Troy. One of 'em said: "Who's oo ducky?" The other said: "I'se oo ducky, whose ducky is oo?" So I happened to have some deadly poisen in my pocket, and I swallowed it.—Texas

DON'T

let that cold of yours run on. You think it is a light thing. But it may run into catarrh. Or into pneumonia. Or into consumption.

Catarrh is disgusting. Pneumonia is dangerous. Consumption is death itself.

The breathing apparatus must be kept healthy and clear of all obstructions, and offensive matter. Otherwise there is trouble ahead.

All the diseases of these parts, head, nose, throat, bronchial tubes and lungs, can be delightfully and entirely cured yb the use of Boschee's German Syrup. If you dont know this already, thousands and thousands of people can tell you They have been cured by it, and "know how it is themselves." Bottle only 75 cents: Ask any druggist.

TRIAL LIST.

Trial list for first week of November Term, commencing 4th Monday (28th day) of November, 1887:

Susan Gates vs S. Murphy.

O. C. Gates vs S. Murphy.

A. S. Tipton's administratrix vs Joseph DeHass.

J. Gardner vs Joseph Neff.

P. Gray Meek vs William V. Emery, et al.

Henry Heaton vs David Lucas.

C. B. Sandford vs S J. Hale's executors.

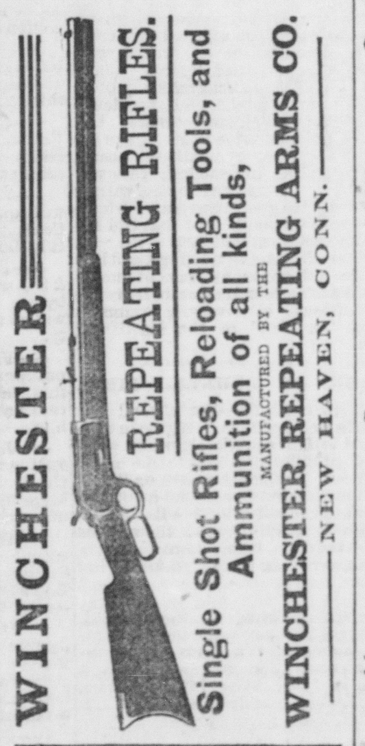
Wm. Allison, Sr, vs A. S Tipton's administratrix.

Wm Allison, Jr, vs Penn'a railroad co.

Lazarus Moyer vs Martin Haley.

Kate M. Flick vs John T. Fowler.

—The tailoring establishment connected with the Philad. Branch is overrun with orders for suits, and it now employs more hands than any other establishment in the county. The suits made by them under the best satisfaction, and the prices are found lower than elsewhere. This accounts for the rush they have there.



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Another Reminder !

We have too many goods. $20,000 worth too many. To-day we begin our cut price Sale, and want them to go fast. We make the prices so low for the quality that you cannot fail to appreciate it.

We name a few of the Prices here:

One lot of Gray Blankets, were $1 25 a pair, now 90c.

One lot of Comfortables, were $1 00, now 75c.

One lot of Comfortables, were $1 25, now $1 00.

One lot of White Blankets, were $1 75, now $1 00.

White Blankets, $1 50, 2 00, 2 50, 3 00, 3 50 to $6 apiece.

One lot of Horse Blankets, were $1 00, now 80c.

5c Calico reduced to 3c per yard.

A lot of Best Calicoes, were 7c, now 5c per yard.

Best Unbleached Muslins, were 8c now 6c.

One lot Red Twilled Flannels, were 30, now 25c.

Red Twilled Flannel, 25, 30, 35, 40 and 45.

Plain Red Flannel, 15, 18, 20, 25, 30, 35 and 40c per yard.

One lot of Gray Flannels, were 18c per yard, now 15c.

1000 yards Toweling 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12c per yard.

Check Linseys, were 12c,—now 8c.

Your choice of 100 pieces of Ladies' Double Width Cloths, all colors, 40 to 50c per yard.

Lot Ginghams, 4½, 5, 6, 7, 8c per yard

Our $1.25 Cashmere, now 90c.
" 1.00 " " 75c.
" .75 " " 50c.
" .50 " " 38c.

We want to close a lot of the finest (Ladies') Jersey Jackets away under cost.

One lot of heavy Beaver Cloth, were $2.50, now $1.50 a yard.

Silk Velvets in all shades, .80, .90 and $2.50 a yard.

Velveteens 30, 40, 50 to 75c a yard. All colors.

Black Silks, .60, .75, 1.00 to $2.00 per yard.

A large assortment of Colored Silks.

A large assortment of Surah Silks and Dress Satines at greatly reduced prices.

Your choice of 100 Ten Dollar Suits of Clothes for $7.00.

Your choice of 150 Men's single Coats for 2.00 and $3.00. This is half price.

Boys, Youth's and Children's Overcoats reduced from 1.00 to $2.00 a piece.

Boys' Long Pants at 60c a pair.

Men's Pants .75, 1.25, 1.50 to 6.00 a pair.

The nobbiest, handsomest line of Corkscrew, Cassimere and Cheviot Suits from $8.00 to $25.00 a Suit.

Men's Tap Sole Boots.....2.00, 2.50, 3.00 to 5.00 a pair
" Calf Boots.....2.25, 2.50 to 4.00 "
" Dress Shoes.....1.25 1.50, 2.00 to 4.00 "
" Working Shoes.....90 "
Little Boy's Boots.....75 "
Big " " .....1.00, 1.25 to 2.00 "

CARPET

One Lot of Ingrain Carpet.....were 35c, now 25c
" " " ....." 65c, " 50c
" of Hemp Carpet....." 20c, " 15c
100 pieces to select from.

LADIES SHOES! —— LADIES SHOES!

Ladie's Dress Button Shoes, All Solid Leather $1.25 a pair
" Fine Kid Solid.....1.65 "
" Dongola and Daisy Kid Satin Lined 2.00 "
" High Top Dongola Satin Lined.....2.50 "
" Fine Curacoa Kid, our own make.....2.75 "
Slippers.....35, .50, .75, 1.00 "
500 Doz. Corsets .25, .30, 35, to 2.00.

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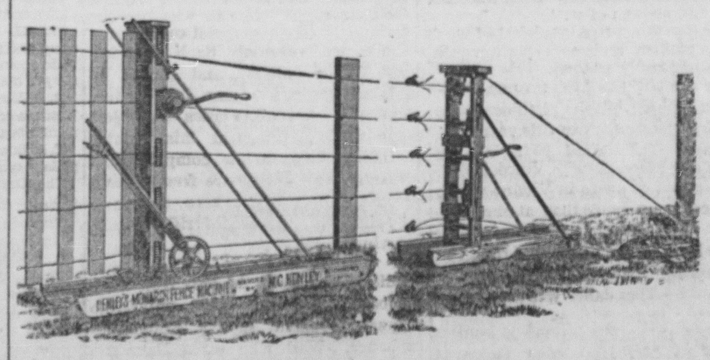

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2 Because any sized wire can be used, and either 2, 3, 4, or 5 double strands can be used, weaving all with equal facility.

3 Because any size, length, or style of picket, or slat, or board, can be used, weaving fancy iron pickets equally well and solid.

4 Because it will make a fence over rough and uneven ground, or up and down hill alike, making as good a fence as on even, level ground; and the machine being adjustable, the pickets are all woven plumb.

5 Because the Monarch machine stretches the wire tighter, thus making the strongest and best wire and picket fence.

6 Because any one, man or boy, can operate it, and there are no parts to get out of order and repair.

7 Because it is made of the best materials, and, with proper care, will last a life-time.

8 Because the price is within the reach of every farmer.

9 Because it is the only machine that forces the slat or picket firmly against the wire, thus securing the slat in such a solid and and permanent manner that it cannot be pulled out, and breakage is impossible.

10 Because the fence made by this machine will turn all kinds of stock, and is much stronger than any barb wire fence, and completely obviates all danger of injury to stock.

11 Because by weaving past the post, and fastening the wire strands to the posts with staples, and not nailing the slats to posts, thus keeping the wood parts from coming in contact with each other, it will not hold the moisture or rot. This is a very important matter, as all boards in board fences soon rot off at post, and occasion continued expense for repair.

12 Because all kinds of old material can be used for making new fence.

13 Because it makes the handsomest, best, strongest, and most durable fence, and is the only first-class, practical fence machine in the world.

For prices of machines, fence material, or territory, address,

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT AFTER September 1st, 1887, coal will be sold only for cash or its equivalent. Positively no credit. a243m R. E. BARTHOLOMEW.

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD — (Philadelphia and Erie Division)—on and after Jan. 30, 1887

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Philadelphia		11 25 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 30 a m
"	"	Montandon	5 56 a m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 55 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	7 58 a m
"	"	Renovo	8 50 a m
"	arr at	Erie	4 00 p m
NEWS EXPRESS	leaves Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	8 10 a m
"	"	Montandon	10 12 a m
"	"	Williamsport	11 10 a m
"	arr at	Lock Haven	12 10 p m
NIAGARA EXP.	leaves Philadelphia		7 40 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	11 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	1 14 a m
"	arr at	Williamsport	2 15 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	3 30 p m
"	"	Renovo	4 30 p m
"	"	Kane	8 35 p m
FAST LINE	leaves Philadelphia		11 50 p m
"	"	Harrisburg	3 45 p m
"	"	Montandon	5 54 p m
"	"	Williamsport	7 10 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	8 02 p m
"	arr at	Renovo	9 00 p m
		(Sunday Train.	
SUNDAY MAIL	leaves Philadelphia		4 30 a m
"	"	Harrisburg	7 40 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 37 a m
"	"	Williamsport	10 40 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 33 a m
"	arrives	Renovo	12 30 pm

EASTWARD.

SEA SHORE EXP.	leaves Lock Haven		7 05 a m
"	"	Jersey Shore	7 35 a m
"	"	Williamsport	8 15 a m
"	"	Montandon	9 17 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	11 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	3 15 p m
DAY EXPRESS	leaves Kane		6 25 a m
"	"	Renovo	10 20 a m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 15 a m
"	"	Williamsport	12 20 p m
"	"	Montandon	1 22 p m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	3 15 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	6 50 p m
RENOVO AC'N	leaves Renovo		4 05 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	5 05 p m
"	"	Williamsport	6 20 p m
"	"	Montandon	7 28 p m
"	arrives at	Harrisburg	9 30 p m
"	"	Philadelphia	4 25 a m

Sunday Train—RENOVO Accommod'n East runs also on Sunday.

ERIE MAIL	leaves Erie		2 45 p m
"	"	Renovo	11 00 p m
"	"	Lock Haven	11 58 p m
"	"	Williamsport	1 25 a m
"	"	Montandon	2 27 a m
"	arr at	Harrisburg	4 30 a m
"	"	Philadelphia	8 25 a m

The Erie Mail East, Niagara Express West, and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with B. E. V. R. R. Trains.

The Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. S. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R. at Emporium with B., N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

LEWISBURG AND TYRONE RAILROAD, BELLEFONTE, NITTANY AND LEMONT R. R Daily Except Sunday.

Westward. P M	A.M.	A.M.	STATIONS.	Eastward. A M	P.M.	P M
1 30	10 15	5 50	Montandon	9 10	1 10	5 45
1 40	10 25	6 05	Lewisburg	9 00	1 00	5 35
1 48		6 15	Biehl	8 51		5 22
1 56		6 22	Vicksburg	8 45		5 15
2 09		6 33	Mifflinburg	8 33		5 03
2 27		6 48	Millmont	8 18		4 48
2 37		7 00	Laurelton	8 10		4 30
3 17		7 35	Paddy Mountain	7 35		3 48
3 30		7 49	Coburn	7 23		3 30
3 40		7 56	Zerby	7 15		3 23
3 50		8 10	Rising Spring	7 06		3 15
4 00		8 19	Penn Cave	6 58		3 07
4 07		8 27	Centre Hall	6 50		3 00
4 12		8 34	Gregg	6 43		2 53
4 23		8 45	Linden Hall	6 36		2 45
4 27		8 52	Oak Hall	6 30		2 37
4 30		8 56	Lemont	6 25		2 31
4 36		9 03	Dale Summit	6 20		2 25
4 45		9 14	Pleasant Gap	6 09		2 12
4 51		9 19	Axemann	6 04		2 05
5 55		9 25	Bellefonte	6 00		2 00

Additional trains leave Lewisburg for Montandon at 5.20 a m, 9.55 a m, and 7.10 p m, returning leave Montandon for Lewisburg at 9.20 a m, 6.00 p m and 7.30 p m.

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Double B, L. Shot Guns	$ 9 00
" " " " Twist	11 00
" " " " " and Pistol Grip	13 00
Double B. L. Shot Guns, Top Snap, Double bolt, Twist Barrels, Rebounding Locks, Extension Rib, Pistol Grip, Patent Forend, Solid Plungers, Matted Rib, Ornamented Rubber Butt, left barrel Choke bored, 10, 12 and 16 gauge	20 50

Little Breech-loading Squirrel Rifles from $4 00 to $7 00.

I am now able to sell guns as cheaply as anyone in America, and will meet any competitor's price.

The Hunting Public is respectfully requested to call and examine my stock, which is now arriving.

AGENT FOR VAN CAMPEN'S COMPOUND, (DYNAMITE.)

THEODORE DESCHNER, Bellefonte, Pa

Great Central Gun Works.

JOB WORK.

Having added to our stock of material we are ready to do poster work, at low rates; Sale bills, large ½ sheet $1.25; and ¼ sheet, $1.00. All poster work in same proportion. Envelopes at $1 75 per 1000 Bill heads and statements $1.75 per 1000. Cash to accompany order.

CALVIN F. SOLT,

o——)Merchant Tailor(——o

Centre Hall, Pa.

I hereby announce to the public that I have opened a Merchant Tailoring establishment in

o——)SHIRK'S BUILDING(——o

at Centre Hall, and am prepared to attend to all work pertaining to my line of business. Having taken a complete course in cutting, I feel confident that my work will give satisfaction. A good fit guaranteed in every case. Give me a call and examine my work. tf.

AGENTS WANTED.

To canvass for one of the largest, oldest established, Best Known Nurseries in the country. Most liberal terms. Unequalled facilities. Geneva Nursery, Established 1846. W. & T. SMITH,

10nov4t Geneva, N. Y.

H. H. Schroyer,

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ON 6 BISHOP ST., BELLEFONTE,

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Has got in his fall stock of

OIL CLOTHS,

all widths, styles and rices.

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—L—E—N—O—L—E—U—M—S—

for office, vestibules, halls, kitchens, &c

——o——

He would be glad to have all drop in to take a look at his goods, provided the weather is fair. If, howeyer, it should happen to be raining he will leave on his front step one of the best DOOR MATS, to wipe the mud off your shoe, and his nice and novel umbrella stands in which to place that ever-losable umbrella.

REGISTER'S NOTICE. The Following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed on record in this office for the inspection of heirs and legatees, creditors, and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre county, on Wednesday the 30th day of November, A. D. 1887.

1. The final account of W. E. Irvin, Administrator of, etc., of Geo, H. Zeigler, late of the borough of Philipsburg deceased.
2. The first and final account of William R. Way Executor of, etc. of Isaac Way, late of Half Moon township deceased.
3. The first and final account of Reuben Eckley Administrator of, etc. of Samuel Homan, late of Benner township deceased.
4. The account of J. P. Taylor and S. McWilliams, Executors of, etc. of the estate of Rebecca M. Irishin deceased.
5. The first and final account of W. A. Sandoe, Executor of Elizabeth Durst, late of Harris township, deceased.
6. The first and final account of Jennie C. Rhinefelt Edministratrix of Jacob Rhinefelt, late of Philipsburg borough, deceased
7. The first and final account of John Z. Loder, Administrator of, etc. of Mrs. Margaret Loder deceased.
8. The account of John B. Linn Administrator c t a of, etc of William Boal Sr. late of Potter township, Centre county, deceased.
9. The first and final account of Jno. C. Zimmerman Administrator c t a of William Pennington, late of Walker township, deceased.
10. The first and final account of Theophilus John Weaver and D. M.Weaver, Administrators of, etc. of Weaver, late of Ferguson township, deceased.
11. The final account of J. P. Gephart Executor of last will and testament of Sarah Shaffer late of Walker township deceased.
12. The first and final account of Chas. P. Hewes, Administrator d b n of John Shannon, late of Potter township, deceased.
13. The first and partial account of James Harris, and James L. Sommerville, Executors of, etc. of the last will and testament of Mrs. E. J. Livingston, deceased.
14. The account of David Bartlett Jr. Guardian of Finney M. and Orissa S. Smith, minor children of Abigail Smith (formerly Abigail Hunt), deceased.
15. The first and final account of John Woods, Administrator of, etc., of John Kelley, late of Spring township, deceased.

COMMON SENSE

Tells anyone that it is an utter impossibility for a merchant to sell goods continually

——A-T C-O-S-T.——

A legitimate business can never be conducted on such a basis, as taxes, rent, insurance, etc., must be paid and a living earned. We do not conduct our business upon such a principle, and we only ask a reasonable advance on all our goods. We believe in

FAIR AND SQUARE

dealing and know that our goods and prices prove what we say. Give us a call and be convinced.

HARPER & KREAMER,

Centre Hall, Pa.

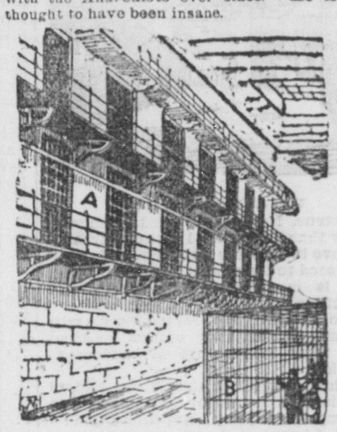
(continued from outside page)

Michael Schwab was a native of Bavaria, 34 years old. He was fairly well educated, and learned the bookbinders trade in Germany. He inflicted himself on America in 1879, living a year or two at Milwaukee, and since at Chicago. He was a writer on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

Adolph Fischer, twenty-nine years old, has lived in America fifteen years. He was a printer on the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*. He is married and has two children.

Oscar Neebe is also a German. He is now serving a fifteen years' sentence in the penitentiary for his connection with the Haymarket riot.

Louis Lingg, the dynamiter, paramount of all, who fittingly ended his life with a fulminating dynamite cap, was the youngest member of the fraternity. He was only 23 years of age. He was born in Baden, Germany, where he received a common school education. He came to America three years ago, and has been identified with the Anarchists ever since. He is thought to have been insane.



THE NORTH CORRIDOR.

(A.) Cells where the anarchists have been confined.

(B.) Cage where they received visitors.

Upon entering the jail for the purpose of consulting with any of the prisoners, the visitor is ushered into the wire cage shown at the right of our cut. If he is not a lawyer or has no special business with a prisoner, he must remain on the outside and talk with the prisoners through the small checkers. That is where Nina Van Zandt touched thumbs with Spies every day. The wires are so close together that kissing can only be indulged in at long range, and not being very satisfactory is not often done. The row of cells to the right is what is known as "murderers' row." There is where the seven condemned men were finally kept.

THE CITY UNDER GUARD.

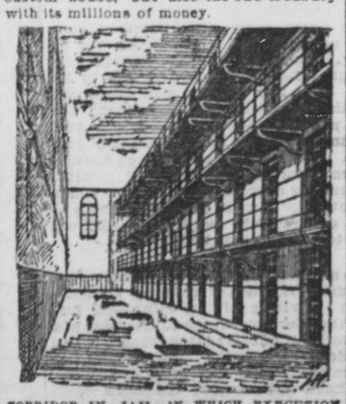
Police Detectives and Militia Under Arms Watching Chicago Property.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—One would almost have thought that martial law had been declared in Chicago from the appearance of this city during the night. The unusual excitement that has characterized this town for the week past was, if possible, intensified when darkness set in.

The police were not the only ones who patrolled the streets of the city on the alert to protect the lives and property of the city from the destructive anarchist. All the detective agencies were taxed to the utmost to supply the great demand for watchmen and private police made by those who, fearing trouble, desired to be fully prepared for anything that might turn up. A large squad of men from Mooney & Boland's agency was on duty and Pinkerton also had all the men he could get out, either patrolling the streets or watching the big buildings. On all sides could be seen men in uniform, armed with long night sticks and carrying dark lanterns, which they kept continually flashing, both at the suspicious passer by and into the dark nooks and corners of the neighboring buildings.

GUARDING THE WATER WORKS.

If there was a place outside the jail that is being guarded more than another it is the water works. The authorities realize that if this were shut off the city would not only suffer thirst, but that it would give the incendiary a splendid chance to work his sweet will in the city. Men are guarding both the north side water works, at the foot of Chicago avenue, and the west side works, situated at Ashland and Blue Island avenues. The crib, through which the water flows into the city, and which is over three miles off shore in Lake Michigan, is also carefully guarded. The immense stone structure covering the square bounded by Clark, Jackson, Dearborn and Adams streets and known as the government building, is also under a special guard. In this monster building are situated not alone the post office and custom house, but also the sub-treasury with its millions of money.



CORRIDOR IN JAIL IN WHICH EXECUTION TOOK PLACE.

The city hall and county court house—these twin structures that in their hideousness disfigure Clark street—were fully filled by police and detectives. In the city building are the police headquarters and a large force are held there in reserve.

Private detectives and watchmen as well as police are guarding the palatial board of trade on La Salle street.

GUARDING PUBLIC PERSONAGES.

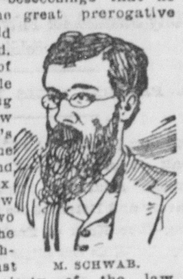
Not alone the homes but also the persons of all who had a hand in bringing the anarchists to justice are being watched by the police, so that they shall not become the victims of an assassin. Those being thus shadowed are Judge Gary, States Attorney Grinnell, Superintendent of Police Ebersold, Inspector Ebersold, Captain Shack, Sheriff Matson, and such of the twelve jurors as are in the city. At all the police stations are stationed a large reserve force.

The fire telegraph system is being carefully guarded, and additional men are stationed in the receiving stations.

UNDER ARMS FOR FIFTY MILES AROUND.

By order of Adjutant-General Vance all the regiments within fifty miles of Chicago are under arms to-day. The Springfield regiment, which is in the armory, will not come to Chicago, but remain there to guard the state property.

half. From the tribuual in which conviction was secured the case was taken to the supreme court of Illinois, and after that body had affirmed, it was carried to the supreme court of the nation. Again it was affirmed, and then, by every conceivable means and without hindrance, the vast army of their advocates, friends and sympathizers moved upon the governor, in whose clemency was vested the last hope. Here every class of society was represented, and thousands of names, many of illustrious men, gave weight to the heartrending appeal. Not only from this city and state, but from every city in the nation poured beseechings that he would exercise the great prerogative given him to wield for the people's good. Those in favor of death offered little opposition, preferring to stand upon the law and the executive's sense of duty to the state. The law and effort had been expended, and now comes mercy for two and a surrender of the four to the punishment recorded against them by the majesty of the law. They have sinned against their right to live and they shall die. There is no need now to recite the crime for which these wretches will suffer death. A bomb was hurled—a bomb prepared at their suggestion and cast in accordance with the plan they had arranged. It fell into the ranks of brave men, who were advancing in the interests of law and order and to preserve the peace of the city. It exploded with terrific violence and scattered death and mutilation on every side. Following was a storm of revolver bullets. Sixty-six of the city's defenders fell.

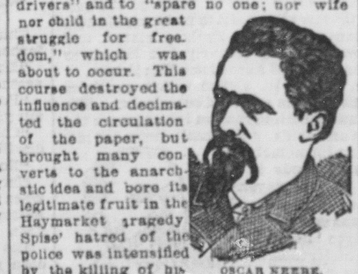


M. SCHWAB.

ENGEL IN HIS CELL SHORTLY BEFORE THE EXECUTION.

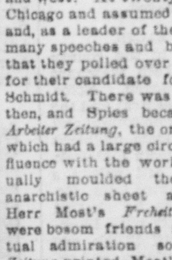
Sketch of the Anarchists.

August Spies, the leader of the anarchists, is a German. He came to this country when sixteen years of age, and is now thirty-two. He has had little schooling, but has always been a student after his own fashion. At twenty he had learned and discarded the trade of saddler and tramped for two years through the south and west. At twenty-four he returned to Chicago and assumed the role of politician, and, as a leader of the socialists, delivered many speeches and built up that party so that they polled over ten thousand votes for their candidate for mayor, Dr. Ernst Schmidt. There was no anarchistic party then, and Spies became manager of the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the organ of the socialists, which had a large circulation and great influence with the workingmen. Spies gradually moulded the paper into an anarchistic sheet after the style of Herr Most's *Freiheit*. Most and Spies were bosom friends and composed a mutual admiration society. The *Arbeiter Zeitung* printed Most's instructions as to how to make dynamite bombs, and advised the "tolling masses" to arm themselves against their enemies, the "wage-slave drivers" and to "spare no one; nor wife nor child in the great struggle for freedom," which was about to occur. This course destroyed the influence and decimated the circulation of the paper, but brought many converts to the anarchistic idea and bore its legitimate fruit in the Haymarket tragedy Spise' hatred of the police was intensified by the killing of his good-for-nothing younger brother, William Spies, by a policeman in 1884. William was a leader in a fight two months before his death in which a farmer near Chicago was killed, but Spies was acquitted of the crime. He was shot while resisting arrest and August cowed vengeance upon the police. The outcome is a historic blot on the history of Chicago. Spies of late years has managed to dress well. He was an expert shot with the pistol, but was so big a coward that he almost fainted at the sight of blood. He was a single man, unless his proxy marriage to Nina Van Zandt counts.



OSCAR NEEBE.

Parsons is forty-five years old. He edited a paper called the *Alarm* at one time. In it he gave directions for the manufacture of explosives and how to throw bombs, and advocated the destruction of society. He was at one time a scout in Texas and is a "dead shot." He has never overburdened himself with work, but is a born agitator. His wife is quite as ardent in anarchism, and has addressed audiences in this city within a year in behalf of the condemned Anarchists of Chicago. She has negro or Indian blood in her veins. She is a good speaker, is an earnest denunciator of society and makes vague appeals to arms.



LOUIS LINGG.

Sam Fielden was a native of Lincolnshire, England, and is forty years old. He worked in a cotton mill from his ninth year till he reached his majority. He joined the Wesleyan M. E. Church, and was a Sunday school superintendent at 18, and afterward a preacher. He came to America in 1866, lived three years in Cleveland, and since 1869 in Chicago. Fielden was the brightest of the anarchists, and had a woe-begone little wife, who suffered terribly during the strain of the past month.

George Engel was born in Cassel Hesse, in 1839, and came to America in 1872. He has always been a socialist of the violent type and was business manager of the *Arbeiter-Zeitung*.

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Lemont Centre Co. Pa.

29sep2m.

COURT PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, the Hon. A. O. Furst, President of the Court of Common Pleas of the 49th Judicial District, consisting of the counties of Centre and Huntingdon, and the Hon. Chester Munson and the Hon. Daniel Rhoads Associate Judges in Centre county, having issued their precept, bearing date the 27th day of October, 1887, to me directed, for holding a Court of Oyer and Terminer and General Jail Delivery and Quarter Sessions of the Peace in Bellefonte, for the county of Centre, and to commence on the 4th Monday of Nov, being the 27th day of Nov 1887, and tocontinue two weeks. Notice is hereby given to the Coroner, Justices of the Peace, Aldermen and Constables of said county of Centre, that they be then and there in their proper persons, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon of the 28th, with their records, inquisitions, examinations, and their own remembrances, to do those things which to their office appertain to be done, and those who are bound in recognizances to prosecute against the prisoners that are or shall be in the jail of Centre county, be then and there to prosecute against them as shall be just.

Given under my hand, at Bellefonte, the 27th day of Oct., in the year of our Lord 1887, and the one hundred and twelfth year of the Independence of the United States.

W. MILES WALKER, Sheriff.

TIMBERLAND.—THE UNDERSIGNED HAS a tract of timberland, about five miles from Coburn station, on which are about 350 thousand feet of heavy Oak timber, which he offers at private sale. Other timberland near by. For further information, apply to

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(Refer to this paper.)

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Defenses of Young Men.

"And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man."—II Kings, 6 : 17.

ONE morning in Dothan, a young theological student was scared by finding himself and Elisha, the prophet, upon whom he waited, surrounded by a whole army of enemies. But venerable Elisha was not scared at all, because he saw the mountains full of defense for him, in chariots made out of fire, wheels of fire, dashboard of fire, and cushion of fire, drawn by horses with nostrils of fire, and mane of fire, and haunches of fire, and hoofs of fire—

A SUPERNATURAL APPEARANCE

that could not be seen with the natural eye. So the old minister prayed that the young minister might see them also, and the prayer was answered, and the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he also saw the fiery procession, looking somewhat, I suppose, like the Adirondacks or the Alleghanies in this autumnal resplendence.

Many young men, standing among the most tremenduous realities, have their eyes half shut or entirely closed. May God grant that my sermon may open wide your eyes to your safety, your opportunity and your destiny.

A MIGHTY DEFENSE.

for a young man is *a good home*. Some of my hearers lood back with tender satisfaction to their early home. It may have been rude and rustic, hidden among the hills, and architect or upholsterer neve planned or adorned it. But all the fresco on princely walls never looked so enticing to you as those rough-hewn rafters. You can think of no park or arbor of trees planted on fashionable country-seat so attractive as the plain brook that ran in front of the old farm-house and sang under the weeping willows. No barred gateway, adorned with statue of bronze, and swung open by obsequious porter in full dress, has half the glory of the swing gate. Many of you have a second dwelling-place, your adopted home, that also is sacred forever. There you built the first family altar. There your children were born. All those trees you planted. That room is solemn, because once in it, over the hot pillow, flapped the wing of death. Under that roof you expect when your work is done, to lie down and die. You try with many words to tell the excellency of the place, but you fail. There is only one word in the language that can describe your meaning.

IT IS HOME.

Now, *I* declare it, that young man is comparatively safe who goes out into the world with a charm like this upon him. The memory of parental solicitude, watching, planning and praying, will be to him a shield and a shelter. I never knew a man faithful both to his early and adopted home, who at the same time was given over to any gross form of dissipation or wickedness. He who seeks his enjoyment chiefly from outside association, rather than from the more quiet and unpresuming pleasures of which I have spoken, may be suspected to be on the broad road to ruin. Absalom despised his father's house, and you know his history of sin and his death of shame. If you seem unnecessarily isolated from your kindred and former associates, is there not some room that you can call your own? Into it gather books and pictures, and a harp. Have a portrait over the mantel. Make ungodly mirth stand back from the threshold. Consecrate some spot with the knee of prayer. By the memory of other days, a father's counsel, and a mother's love, and a sister's confidence, call it home.

Another defense for a young man is

INDUSTRIOUS HABITS.

Many young men, in starting upon life in this age, expect to make their way through the world by the use of their wits rather than the toil of their hands. A boy now goes to the city and fails twice before he is as old as his father was when he first saw the spires of the great town-Sitting in some office, rented at a thousand dollars a year, he is waiting for the bank to declare its dividend, or goes into the market expecting before night to be made rich by the rushing up of the stocks. But luck seemed so dull he resolved on some other tack. Perhaps he borrowed from his employer's money-drawer, and forgets to put it back, or for merely the purpose of improving his penmanship makes a copy-plate of a merchant's signature. Never mind, all is right in trade. In some dark night there may come in his dreams

A VISION OF BLACKWELL'S ISLAND,

or of Sing Sing, but it soon vanishes. In a short time he will be ready to retire from the busy world, and amid his flocks and herds culture the domestic virtues. Then those young men who once were his schoolmates, and knew no better than to engage in honest work, will come with their ox-teams to to draw him logs, and with their hard hands help heave up his castle. This is no fancy picture. It is every-day life. I should not wonder if there were some rotten beams in that beautiful palace. I would not wonder if dire sicknesses should smite through the young man, or if God should pour into his cup of life a draught that would thrill him with unbearable agony. I should not wonder if his children should become to him a living curse, making his home a pest and a disgrace. I should not wonder if he goes to a miserable grave, and beyond it into the gnashing of teeth. The way of the ungodly shall perish.

THE BATTLE AND THE STAKES.

My young friends, there is no way to genuine success, except through toil either of the head or hand. At the battle of Crecy, in 1346, the Prince of Wales, finding himself heavily pressed by the enemy, sent word to his father for help. The father, watching the battle from a wind-mill, and seeing that his son was not wounded and could gain the day if he would, sent word: "No, I will not come. Let the boy win his spurs, for, if God will, I desire that this day be his with all its honors." Young man, fight your own battle, all through, and you shall have the victory. Oh, it is a battle worth fighting. Two monarchs of old fought a duel, Charles V. and Francis, and the stakes were kingdoms, Milan and Burgundy. You fight with sin, and the stake is heaven or hell.

Do not get the fatal idea that you are a genius, and that, therefore, there is no need of close application. It is here where multitudes fail.

THE CURSE OF THIS AGE

is the geniuses: men with enormous self-conceit and egotism, and nothing else. I had rather be an ox than an eagle; plain, and plodding and useful, rather than high-flying and good for nothing but to pick out the eyes of carcases. *Extraordinary capacity without work is extraordinary failure.* There is no hope for that person who begins life resolved to live by his wits, for the probability is that he has not any. It was not safe for Adam, even in his unfallen state, to have nothing to do, and, therefore, God commanded him to be a farmer and horticulturist. He was to dress the garden and keep it, and had he and his wife obeyed the divine injunction and been at work, they would not have been sauntering under the trees and hankering after that fruit which destroyed them and their posterity; proof positive for all ages to come that those who do not attend to their business are sure to get into mischief.

I do not know that the prodigal in Scripture would ever have been reclaimed had he not given up his idle habits and gone to feeding swine for a living. "Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise, which, having no overseer or guide, provideth, her food in the summer and gathereth her meat in the harvest." The devil does not so often attack the man who is busy with the pen, and the book, and the trowel, and the saw, and the hammer. He is afraid of those weapons. But woe to the man whom this roaring lion meets with his hands in his pockets.

DRUDGERY NECESSARY.

Do not demand that your toil always be elegant, and cleanly refined. There is a certain amount of drudgery through which we must all pass, whatever be our occupation. You know how men are sentenced a certain number of years to prison, and after they have suffered and worked out the time, then they are allowed to go free. And so it is with all of us. God passed on us the sentence: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." We must endure our time of drudgery, and then, after a while, we will be allowed to go into comparative liberty. We must be willing to endure the sentence. We all know what drudgery is connected with the beginning of any trade or profession, but this does not continue all our lives, if it be the student's, or the merchant's, or the mechanic's life. I know you have, at the beginning, many a hard time, but after a while these things will become easy. You will be your own master. God's sentence will be satisfied. You will be discharged from prison.

Bless God that you have a brain to think, and hands to work, and feet to walk with, for in your constant activity, O young man, is one of your strongest defences. Put your trust in God and do your level best, That child had it right when the horses ran away with the load of wood and he sat on it. When asked if he was frightened? he said: "*No, I prayed to God and hung on like a beaver.*"

RESPECT FOR THE SABBATH

will be to the young man another preservative against evil. God has thrust into the toil and fatigue of life a recreative day, when the soul is especially to be fed. It is no new-fangled notion of a wild-brained reformer, but an institution established at the beginning. God has made natural and moral laws so harmonious that the body as well as the soul demands this institution. Our bodies are seven-day clocks, that must be wound up as often as that or they will run down. Failure must come sooner or later to the man who breaks the Sabbath. Inspiration has called it the Lord's Day, and he who devotes it to the world is guilty of robbery. God will not let the sin go unpunished either in this world or the world to come.

A SABBATH BREAKER'S LOSS.

This is the statement of a man who had broken this divine enactment: "I was engaged in manufacturing on the Lehigh River. On the Sabbath I used to rest, but never regarded God in it. One beautiful Sabbath when the noise was all hushed, and the day was all that loveliness could make it, I sat down on my piazza, and went to work inventing a new shuttle. I neither stopped to eat nor drink till the sun went down. By that time I had the invention completed. The next morning I exhibited it, and boasted of my day's work, and was applauded. The shuttle was tried and worked well, but that Sabbath Day's work cost me thirty thousand dollars. We branched out and enlarged, and the curse of heaven was upon me from that day onward."

While the Divine frown must rest upon him who tramples upon this statute, God's special favor will be upon that young man who scrupulously observes it. This day properly observed, will throw a hallowed influence over all the week. The song and sermon and sanctuary will hold back from presumptuous sins. That young man who begins the duties of life with either secret or open disrespect of the holy day, I venture to prophesy, will meet with no permanent successes. God's curse will fall upon his ship, his store, his office, his studio, his body and his soul. The way of the wicked He turneth upside down. In *one of the old fables* it was said that a wonderful child was born in Bagdad, and a magician could hear his footsteps six thousand miles away. But I can hear in the footstep of that young man on his way to the house of worship this morning the step not only of a lifetime of usefulness, but the on-coming step of eternal ages of happiness yet millions of years away.

A NOBLE IDEAL.

and confident expectation of approximating to it, is an infallible defence. The artist completes in his mind the great thought that he wishes to transfer to the canvas or the marble before he takes up the crayon or the chisel. The architect plans out the entire structure before he orders the workmen to begin, and though there may for a long while seem to be nothing but blundering and rudeness, he has in his mind every Corinthian wreath and Gothic arch and Byzantine Capital. The poet arranges his entire plot before he begins to chime the first canto of tingling rhythms. And yet, strange to say, there are men who attempt to build their character without knowing whether in the end it shall be a rude Tartar's tent or a St. Mark's of Venice. Men who begin to write the intricate poem of their lives without knowing whether it shall be a Homer's Odyssey or a ryhmester's botch. Nine hundred and ninety-nine men out of a thousand are living without any great life-plot. Booted and spurred and plumed, and urging their swift courser in the hottest haste. I ask:

"HALLOO, MAN, WHITHER AWAY?"

His response is "Nowhere." Rush into the busy shop or store of many a one, and taking the plane out of the man's hand and laying down the yard-stick say: "What, man, is all this about, so much stir, and sweat?" The reply will stumble and break down between teeth and lips. Every day's duty ought only to be the filling up of the main plan of existence. Let men be consistent. If they prefer misdeeds to correct courses of action, then let them draw out the design of knavery and cruelty and plunder. Let every day's falsehood and wrongdoing be added as coloring to the picture. Let bloody deeds red-stripe the picture, and the clouds of a wrathful God hang down heavily over the canvas, ready to break out in clamorous tempest. Let the waters be chafed, and froth-tangled and green with immeasurable depths. Then take a torch of burning pitch and scorch into the frame the right name for it;

THE SOUL'S SUICIDE.

If one entering upon sinful directions would only in his mind or on paper, draw out in awful reality this dreadful future, he would recoil from it and say: "Am I a Dante that by my own life I should write another Inferno? But if you are resolved to live a life such as God and good men will approve, do not let it be a vague dream, an indefinite determination, but in your mind or upon paper, sketch it in all its minutiæ. You cannot know the changes to which you may be subject, but you may know what always will be right, and always will be wrong. Let gentleness and charity and veracity and faith stand in the heart of the sketch. On some still brook's bank make a lamb and lion lie down together. Draw two or three of the trees of life, not frost-stricken, nor ice-glazed, nor wind-stripped, but with thick verdure waving like the palms of heaven. On the darkest cloud place the rainbow, that pillow of the dying storm. You need not burn the title on the frame. The dullest will catch the design at a glance, and say: "That is

THE ROAD TO HEAVEN."

Ah, me! On this sea of life what innumerable ships, heavily laden and well-rigged, yet seem bound for no port. Swept by every whither of wind and wave, they go up by the mountains, they go down by the valleys, and are at their wit's ends. They sail by no chart, they watch no star, they long for no harbor. I beg every young man to-day to draw out a sketch of what, by the grace of God, he means to be. Think no excellence so high that you cannot reach it. He who starts out in life with a high ideal of character, and faith in its attainments, will find himself encased from a thousand temptations, There are

MAGNIFICENT POSSIBILITIES

before each of you young men of the stout heart, and the buoyant step, and the bounding spirit. I would marshal you for grand achievement. God now provides for you the field and the armor, and the fortifications; who is on the Lord's side? The captain of the zouaves in ancient times, to encourage them against the immense odds on the side of their enemies, said: "Come, my men, look these fellows in the face. They are six thousand, you are three hundred. Surely the match is even." That speech gave him the victory. Be not, my hearers, dismayed at any time by what seems an immense odds against you. Is fortune, is want of education, are men, are devils against you, though the multitudes of earth and hell confront you, stand up to the charge. With a million against you, the match is just even. Nay, you have a decided advantage. If God be for us, who can be against us? Thus protected, you need not spend much time in answering your assailants.

Many years ago word came to me that

TWO IMPOSTORS

as temperance lecturers, had been speaking in Ohio, in various places, and giving their experience, and they told their audience that they had long been intimate with me, and had become drunkards by dining at my table, where I always had liquors of all sorts. Indignant to the last degree, I went down to Patrick Campbell, Chief of Brooklyn Police, saying that I was going to start that night for Ohio to have those villains arrested, and I wanted him to tell me how to make the arrest. He smiled and said: "Do not waste your time by chasing these men. Go home and do your work, and they can do you no harm." I took his counsel, and all was well. Long ago I made up my mind that if one will put his trust in God and be faithful to duty, he need not fear any evil. Have God on your side, young man, and all the combined forces of earth and hell can do you no damage.

And this leads me to say that the mightiest defence for a young man is the possession of

RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE.

Nothing can take the place of it. He may have manners that would put to shame the gracefulness and courtesy of a Lord Chesterfield. Foreign languages may drop from his tongue. He may be able to discuss literature and laws and foreign customs. He may wield a pen of unequalled polish and power. His quickness and tact may qualify him for the highest salary of the counting-house. He may be as sharp as Herod and as strong as Samson, with as fine locks as those which hung Absalom, still he is not safe from contamination. The more elegant his manner, and the more fascinating his dress, the more peril. Satan does not care for the allegiance of a cowardly and illiterate being. He cannot bring him into efficient service. But he loves to storm that castle of character which has in it the most spoils and treasures. It was not some crazy craft creeping along the coast with a valueless cargo that the pirate attacked, but the ship full winged and flagged, plying between great ports, carrying its million of specie. The more your natural and acquired accomplishments, the more need of the religion of Jesus. That does not cut in upon or hack up any smoothness of disposition or behavior.

IT GIVES SYMMETRY.

It arrests that in the soul which ought to be arrested, and propels that which ought to be propelled. It fills up the gulleys. It elevates and transforms. To beauty it gives more beauty, to tact more tact, to enthusiasm of nature more enthusiasm. When the Holy Spirit impresses the image of God on the heart He does not spoil the canvas. If in all the multitudes of young men upon whom religion has acted you could find one nature that had been the least damaged, I would yield this proposition.

You may now have enough strength of character to repel the various temptations to gross wickedness which assail you, but I do not know in what strait you may be thrust at some future time. Nothing short of the grace of the Cross may then be able to deliver you from the lions. You are not meeker than Moses, nor holier than David, nor more patient than Job, and you ought not to consider yourself invulnerable. You may have some weak point of character that you have never discovered, and in some hour when you are assaulted, the Philistines will be upon thee, Samson. Trust not in your good habits, or your early training, or your pride of character; nothing short of the arm of the Almighty God will be sufficient to uphold you. You look forward to the world sometimes with a chilling despondency. Cheer up, I will tell you

HOW YOU MAY MAKE A FORTUNE.

"Seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness and all other things will be added unto you." I know you do not want to be mean in this matter. Give God the freshness of your life. You will not have the heart to drink down the brimming cup of life and then pour the dregs on God's altar. To a Saviour so infinitely generous you have not the heart to act like that. That is not brave, that is not honorable, that is not manly. Your greatest want in all the world is a new heart, In God's name I tell you that. And the Blessed Spirit presses through the solemnities and privileges of this holy hour. Put the cup of life eternal to your thirsty lips. Thrust it not back. Mercy offers it; bleeding mercy, long sufferings mercy. Reject all other friendships, be ungrateful for all other kindness, prove spise God's love for your immortal soul—don't you do that.

I would like to see some of you this hour press out of the ranks of the world and lay your conquered spirit at the feet of Jesus. This hour is no wandering vagabond staggering over the earth, it is

A WINGED MESSENGER,

of the skies whispering mercy to thy soul. Life is smooth now, but after a while it may be rough, wild and precipitate. There comes a crisis in the history of every man. We seldom understand that turning point until it is far past. The road of life is forked, and I read on two sign-boards: "This is the way to happiness." "This is the way to ruin." How apt we are to pass the forks of the road without thinking whether it comes out at the door of bliss or the gates of darkness.

A PARTING AT A THEATRE.

Many years ago I stood on the anniversary platform with a minister of Christ who made this remarkable statement: "Thirty years ago two young men started out in the evening to attend the Park Theatre, New York, where a play was to be acted in which the cause of religion was to be placed in a ridiculous and hypocritical light. They came to the steps. The consciences of both smote them. One started to go home, but returned again to the door, and yet had not courage to enter, and finally departed. But the other young man entered the pit of the theatre. It was the turning-point in the history of those two young men. The man who entered was caught in the whirl of temptation. He sank deeper and deeper in infamy; he was lost. That other young man was saved, and he now stands before you to bless God that for twenty years he has been permitted to preach the Gospel.

"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment."

Memory Returns When Danger Flees.

Miss Gosh, the belle of Bird Island, stood beneath the wide-spreading branches of a sturdy oak that cast its shadow over the northeast corner of her father's broad pasture. Her tiny foot tapped coquettishly a little tuft of blue violets. A little way off George Comstock leaned on the bars, his chin resting on his hands and his eyes drinking in the charm of Miss Gosh's beautiful face. The breezes toyed with her skirts and lifted them, displaying a pair of pretty ankles.

Her socks were red.

The glaring color caught the eye of a nervous bovine of the male persuasion grazing near her, and with an angry roar he lowered his head and charged straight at the tantalizing hosiery. With a frightened scream the girl fell into George's muscular arms, and he lifted her over the bars just in advance of the horns of the maddened beast.

"George," panted Miss Gosh, as she lay confidingly on his low-cut vest, "George do you know what battle in modern history this reminds me of?"

"I haven't the slightest idea," murmured George.

"Bull Run," she lisped, and George's breast hove with sub-dude emotion.

If work horses are not in good condition when they commence spring work they will continually get poorer.

They are offering twenty-five cents apiece for cats on the San Joaquin River, California, to kill the gopher ground squirrel.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

SUNDAY, [illegible], 1887.

Judgment and Mercy.

LESSON TEXT.

(Matt. 11 : 20-30. Memory verses, 27-30.)

LESSON PLAN.

TOPIC OF THE QUARTER: *Jesus the King in Zion.*

GOLDEN TEXT FOR THE QUARTER: *Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty: for all that is in the heaven and in the earth is thine; thine is the kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all.*—1 Chron. 29 : 11.

LESSON TOPIC: *The King's Declarations Concerning His Hearers.*

Lesson Outline:
1. Hearers Who Repent Not, vs. 20-24.
2. Hearers Who See Truth, vs. 25 27.
3. Hearers Who Accept Christ, vs. 28-30.

GOLDEN TEXT: *Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.*—Matt. 11 : 28.

DAILY HOME READINGS:

M.—Matt. 11 : 20-30. Declarations concerning His hearers.
T.—Matt. 13 : 1-23. Three classes of hearers.
W.—Luke 10 : 1-16. Hearers who despise.
T.—Gen. 19 : 12-26. Slow to hear.
F.—Jonah 3 : 1-10. Quick to hear.
S.—Heb. 2 : 1-18. Heeding what we hear.
S.—Jas. 1 : 16-27. Hearing and doing.

LESSON ANALYSIS.

I. HEARERS WHO REPENT NOT.

I. Mighty Works:

The cities wherein most of his mighty works were done (20).
Whence hath this man.... these mighty works? (Matt. 13 : 54.)
He did not many mighty works there (Matt. 13 : 58).
What mean such mighty works (Mark 6 : 2).
The disciples began to rejoice.... for all the mighty works (Luke 19 : 37).

II. Exalted Privilege:

Thou, Capernaum, shalt thou be exalted unto heaven? (23.)
I will exalt my throne above the stars of God (Isa. 14 : 13).
It waxed great, even to the host of heaven (Dan. 8 : 10).
What advantage then hath the Jew? ....Much every way (Rom. 3 : 1, 2).
Whose is the adoption, and the glory, and the covenants (Rom. 9 : 4).

III. Greater Condemnation:

More tolerable for the land of Sodom, ...than for thee (24).
How art thou fallen from heaven, O day star! (Isa. 14 : 12.)
He hath cast down from heaven unto the earth (Lam. 2 : 1).
Thou shalt be brought down unto Hades (Luke 10 : 15).
Of how much sorer punishment,.... shall he be judged worthy (Heb. 10 : 29).

1. "Then began he to upbraid the cities." (1) The Lord of life; (2) The cities of privilege; (3) The voice of censure.
2. "They would have repented long ago." (1) What did occur in Tyre and Sidon; (2) What might have occurred in Tyre and Sidon.—The fate of Tyre and Sidon (1) As now written in history; (2) As once possible of attainment; (3) As ever monumental among men.
3. "Thou shalt go down unto Hades." Capernaum's penalty; (1) Its imposer; (2) Its intensity; (3) Its realization.

II. HEARERS WHO SEE TRUTH.

I. Truth Hid from the Wise:

Thou didst hide these things from the wise and understanding (25).
He taketh the wise in their own craftiness (Job 5 : 13).
The wisdom of their wise men shall perish (Isa. 29 : 14).
The wise men .... have rejected the word of the Lord Jer. 8 : 9).
The world through its wisdom knew not God (1 Cor. 1 : 21).

II. Truth Revealed Unto Babes.

Thou .... didst reveal them unto babes (25).
Out of the mouth of babes.... hast thou established strength (Psa. 8 : 2).
Unto us which are being saved it is the power of God (1 Cor. 1 : 18).
Your faith should not stand in the wisdom of men (1 Cor. 2 : 5).
As newborn babes, long for the spiritual milk (1 Pet. 2 : 2).

III. Truth Known Through the Son:

Neither doth any know the father, save.... the son willeth (27).
Learn of me (Matt. 11 : 29).
The only begotten Son,.... he hath declared him (John 1 : 18).
Thou.... of a truth teachest the way of God (Luke 20 : 21).
Christ Jesus.... brought life and incorruption to light (2 Tim. 1 : 10).

1. "O Father, Lord of heaven and earth." The Father's relations (1) To the Son; (2) To the heavens; (3) To the earth; (4) To the believer; (5) to the rebellious.
2. "Thou didst hide,.... and didst reveal." (1) The hiding of truth; (2) The disclosure of truth.—(1) From whom hidden; (2) How hidden; (3) To whom revealed; (4) How revealed.
3. "So it was well-pleasing in thy sight." (1) The sight of God; (2) The good-pleasure of God; (3) The decisions of God.

III. HEARERS WHO ACCEPT CHRIST.

I. Humanity's Condition:

Ye that labour and are heavy laden (2).
As a heaven burden they are too heavy for me (Psa. 38 : 4).
Yet is their pride but labour and sorrow (Psa. 90 : 10).
They bind heavy burdens,.... and lay them on men's shoulders (Matt. 23 : 4).
A yoke.... which neither our fathers nor we were able to bear (Acts 15 : 10).

II. Christ's Call:

Come unto me (28).
Come, follow me (Matt. 19 : 21).
Come to the marriage feast (Matt. 22 : 4).
Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom (Matt. 25 : 34).
If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink (John 7 : 37).

III. The Soul's Rest:

Ye shall find rest unto your souls (29).
Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace (Isa. 26 : 3).
We which have believed do enter into that rest (Heb. 4 : 3).
Let us.... give diligence to enter into that rest (Heb. 4 : 11).
That they may rest from their labors (Rev. 14 : 13).

1. "Come unto me." (1) The call; (2) The called; (3) The inducement.
2. "Take my yoke upon you and learn ofme." (1) Christian life a service; (2) Christ the believer's yoke-fellow; (3) Christian life a schooling; (4) Christ the believer's teacher.
3. "Ye shall find rest unto your souls." (1) The soul's need of rest; (2) The soul's capacity for rest; (3) The soul's place of rest; (4) The soul's place of rest; (4) The soul's abundance of rest.

LESSON BIBLE READING.

PERSONAL APPEALS OF THE LORD.

Look unto me (Isa. 45 : 22; John 3 : 14, 15).
Come unto me (Matt. 11 : 28; John 7 : 37).
Abide in me (John 15 : 4; 1 John 2 : 6).
Learn of me (Matt. 11 : 29; Phil. 2 : 5-8).
Follow thou me (John 21 : 19, 22; 12 : 26).
Watch with me (Matt. 26 : 38; Rev. 3 : 3).
Lovest thou me? (John 21 : 15; 1 Cor. 16 : 22.)

LESSON SURROUNDINGS.

The present lesson is connected with the previous one. The intervening passage (vs. 16-19) belongs to the discourse which followed the message from the Baptist, and Matthew begins verse 20 with the word "then." It should, however, be noted, that Luke, who presents no parallel to Matthew, at this point, reports something similar in connection with the sending out of the seventy (Luke 10 : 13-15, 21, 22). But it is more probable that the sayings were repeated than that Matthew has anticipated.

The Bethsaida spoken of in this lesson was the Bethsaida of Galilee, not the Bethsaida of Gaulonitis (or Bethsaida-Julias). The first named of these two places was on the west side of the Sea of Galilee, not far from Capernaum. The second was on the north-east of the sea, near the eastern bank of the Jordan as it enters the sea.

The time and place are the same as those of the last lesson,—the summer of 781 (A. D. 28), in Galilee, probably near Capernaum, or near Nain.

Titus Was Getting Bald.

A clerk in a Broadway drug store was accosted recently by a very swell girl with a very swell dog.

"Have you any hair restorative?" she asked in a clear soprano voice while an expression of anxiety sat on her beautiful face.

"Yes, miss," said the clerk with a glance at the fluffy bang and abundant locks of the damsel. "Here is a mixture which I can recommend."

"It must be the very best. Titus's hair is coming out, and it worries me a great deal," she said, with a little droop to her mouth. "I don't know what the matter is. He is too young to be getting bald," she continued.

"Well, I think your husband will find relief from this," said the clerk, throwing much sympathy into his high-salaried smile.

"My husband!" echoed the girl. "It's for my dog."

Titus wagged his tail, as if to say: "What's the matter with her dog?"

There was a small patch on his body, too far back for him to see it well, where the hair had departed, leaving his skin exposed to all the rigor of a New York winter.

"Rub it on well," said the clerk, as the damsel paid him $1 for a small bottle. "It will renew the hair."

Some of the pet dogs of women are so overfed that their hair falls out. This is not noticeable in the long-haired Skye and Yorkshire terriers. Their hair covers a bald spot. But the larger dogs with shorter hair show a spot, and it does not add to their beauty.

"I have had several calls for hair restoratives for dogs," said a clerk in another drug store. "They get the mange, or are overfed, and their hair drops out. It breaks the women all up to have a dog with a big spot on him. They'll do anything for a dog.

"Sometimes they come here and get chocolate soda. They take some, then give some to the dog, and drink out of the same glass afterward without a wince. They couldn't do that if a newsboy had taken a drink out of it. Oh, they are good to their dogs, you bet. A hair restorer works on a dog as well as it does on a man. That is, sometimes it is effective and sometimes it isn't. The women who run expensive dogs think nothing of money or trouble to keep them in good order."

To Cure Round Shoulders.

The following movements, performed with one-pound wooden dumb-bells, or at free hand movements, will be found very beneficial if persevered in. The best time is upon rising and retiring, as the body should not be bound in any way of the clothing.

1. Arms extended horizontally in front, with palms facing, hand clenched. Hold the head erect and the chest out. Then draw the hands in strongly, the elbows passing close to the body and as for back as possible.

2. Same position except the hands are open. Swing the hands back to the side horizontal position—as far back as possible.

3 Hands hanging in their natural position at the sides. Raise the arms slowly, side wise, until the backs of the hands touch above the head, keeping them as far back as possible.

Of course as erect a position as possible must be maintained at all times, or the special traning will do no good. Do not be discouraged, for you have been getting that stooped back for years and you musn't expect to straighten all of a sudden.

Above all things don't wear shoulder braces. They strengthen the muscles of the chest by the continual resistance, while the back muscles are not called in to action.

HOW BEN BUTLER GOT RICH.

Young Men of To-Day May do Likewise if They Follow Advice Given.

General B. F. Butler being asked for some suggestions on gaining success, stated that when he was a young lawyer, practicing in Lowell, Mass., a bank president advised him to take his little deposit and buy real estate, from which he could be deriving some revenue. The general said that he had but little money and was uncertain as to his future.

"Never mind," said the bank president, "go to the next public auction of real estate, bid off a lot with a building of some kind on it, pay down what money you have and give your promissory notes for the balance. You will come out all right."

General Butler says this advice was good. When a man has obligated himself, by his notes, to pay money at a certain time, it inclines him to economy. He followed the advice, and in time became the owner of several parcels of valuable real estate in Lowell.

Two classes will not be likely to heed such advice—the improvident and the over-cautious. The latter will be apt to say: "It would be all right but for those dreadful promissory notes. They are always running on and if a man falls sick they do not wait for him to get well."

There is this danger, of course, but one can make no business venture without some risk, and with the knowledge acquired by recent investigations of the cause of most ordinary ailments, and the means of cure, one runs little risk from that source. It is now known that most of the common ailments have their origin in deranged kidneys. They are the chief blood purifiers of the system and when disordered a breaking down somewhere is soon inevitable, because the poison, which in their healthy condition is eliminated, is carried through the entire system.

Put them in order, and health returns.

C. D. Dewey, a successful man, President of the Johnston Harvester Company, Batavia, N. Y., gives his experience as follows:

In 1882 my health was failing, my head pained me constantly, my appetite was uncertain, I could not sleep soundly. I attributed this to the extreme pressure of business cares, but I grew worse, and finally was confined to my bed for two months. It seemed as though I would "never recover" my former health. Under the aid of stimulants I gradually gained strength, so that in a few months I was able to attend to business, but I could walk only with the assistance of a cane, and then in a slow and unsteady manner. I continued somewhat in the same condition until February last, when I used Warner's safe cure. It has cured me. I consider it a valuable remedy and can highly recommend it.

Young men have but to use ordinary prudence, and when any derangement occurs if they use the same means as did this successful business man, they may feel a constant assurance of their ability to carry to successful conclusions all ordinary business projects, including the care of their promissory notes when due.

KILLING SORREL.—A farmer tells his experience in a Western paper as follows: My plan of killing sorrel may be told in a few words, and it is plain, simple and effective. It is to 'make the land rich and cultivate it well.' Lime may be better than nothing, but a plentiful supply of good barnyard manure will do the business. When you have applied the manure, don't stop to quarrel with the sorrel, but cultivate for a good crop just as if no sorrel ever grew there, and you will wonder in a year or two what has become of the sorrel.

THE dearest help of all is often that which asks least wages. It is poor economy to keep four men to do the work that three or two should perform. If a man is for any cause dissatisfied, the sooner he and his employer part company the better for both parties.

ENGLISH farmers think that ensilage may be preserved by being pressed very compactly into bales. They state that in Belgium it is customary to bale it. The outer portions of the bale, however, become slightly injured, which may be avoided by using straw for an outer covering, which may be also pressed with the ensilage.

CARROTS are said to be excellent food for horses, giving a sleek, oily appearance to their hair. As from 500 to 1000 bushels may be raised to the acre on good land we think they might be made profitable for home use.

COPPERAS is a splended medicine to keep on hand for poultry. When they have the roup wash their heads with a solution of it, and put some of the solution in the drinking water as a tonic. It provides them with solute iron which is necessary.

EXPERIENCE teaches that the earlier in an animal's age full feeding is resorted to the better it is, both for its vigorous health and rapid growth. Thus will the best returns be secured, whether the animal be intended for early sale or for raising.

CLOVER hay is much better for milch cows than timothy. It produces a large quantity of milk, and also a better quality. All butter-makers know how yellow the butter is which is made from the milk of cows fed on clover hay.

DON'T suppose that you can jam the roots of fruit trees into small holes of poor soil and have them do well. Unless you are willing to do the thing thoroughly and to give them a fertile soil, better not plant fruit trees at all.

WHEN it is considered that beets require only about seventy days in which to mature from the seed; radishes, fifty day; tomatoes, fifty-five days; lettuce, forty five days, etc., it will be seen that fertilizers to help these crops must be very soluable.

FARM NOTES.

SEEDS FOR AN ACRE.—The following will be of interest to farmers and market gardeners:

Beans, dwarf, in hills, 1½ bushels.
Beans, pole, hills, 10 to 12 quarts.
Beets, in drills, 5 to 6 pounds.
Broom Corn, in hills, 8 to 10 quarts.
Cabbage, in beds to transplant, ¼ pound.
Carrot, in drill, 3 to 4 pounds.
Clover, white, alone, 12 to 15 pounds.
Clover, alsike, alone, 8 to 10 pounds.
Clover, Lucerne or Alfalfa, 20 pounds.
Corn in hills, 8 to 10 quarts.
Corn, for soiling, 3 bushels.
Cucumber, in hills, 2 pounds.
Grass, Kentucky blue, for lawn, 4 bushels.
Grass, orchard, 1½ bushels.
Grass, red top, 3 bushels.
Grass, mixed lawn, 4 bushels.
Mustard, broadcast, ½ bushel.
Melon, musk, in hills, 2 to 3 pounds.
Melon, water, in hills, 4 to 5 pounds.
Oats, broadcast, 2 to 6 bushels.
Onion, in drills, 4 to 5 pounds.
Onion, for sets, in drills, 30 pounds.
Onion, sets, in drills, 6 to 12 bushels.
Parsnip, in drills, 4 to 6 pounds.
Peas, in drills, 2 bushels.
Peas, broadcast, 3 bushels.
Potato, cut tubers, 8 bushels.
Pumpkin, in hills, 4 to 6 pounds.
Radish, in drills, 8 to 10 pounds.
Sage, in drills, 8 to 10 pounds.
Spinach, in drills 10 to 12 pounds.
Squash, bush varieties, in hills, 4 to 6 pounds.
Squash, running varieties, in hills 3 to 4 pounds.
Tomato, to transplant, ¼ pound.
Turnip, in drills, 2 pounds.
Turnip, broadcast, 3 to 4 pounds.

IT is supposed, and with reason, that farm-work is subject to a very great variety of risks which convert apparent and hopeful success into defeat, and ruin all the work and expectation of the season. The changes of the season seem to make a plaything of the farmer, and lure him into disaster and loss. But yet, while one farmer experinces precisely this condition of things, another goes through it all with composure and safety. What is the reason of the difference, may be asked. It is very plain. The farmer who has good crops in spite of the seasons has his fields drained so that he can work them early. He works no more land than he can manure liberally and prepare perfectly for the seed, and can keep free from weeds and thoroughly cultivated. His crops are then always in advance of the season, deep rooted and vigorous, so as to resist drought, and are harvested in season and out of the way before the next requires attention. While the one who suffers is precisely the reverse of this. It is not in the land or the season, but in the man every time.

THE vegetable matter in all muck has a certain value on sandy or gravelly soils which need more humus to enable them to retain fertility. The farmer who owns a much bed near a sandy knoll, as many do, can hardly mistake in trying the effect of the muck as a top dressing. Whether it will prove valuable for soil not naturally deficient in vegetable matter, depends on the character and composition of the muck. Some kinds of muck abound in mineral elements, and these are everywhere valuable.

THERE is no use in cleaning your poultry houses unless you burn the old nests. They will harbor more of the various kinds of poultry parasites than you can ever exterminate with a white-wash brush.

OUR LADY FRIENDS will be interested in knowing that by sending 20 cents to pay postage, and 15 top covers of Warner's Safe Yeast (showing that they have used at least 15 packages) to H. H. Warner & Co., Rochester, N. Y., they can get a 500 page, finely illustrated COOK BOOK, *free*. Such a book, bound in cloth, could not be bought for less than a dollar. It is a wonderfully good chance to get a fine book for the mere postage and the ladies should act promptly.

What tune pleases men most? Fortune.

The Special Offer

of THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, which we have published, includes the admirable Double Holiday Numbers for Thanksgiving and Christmas, with colored covers and full-page pictures, twenty pages each. These, with the other weekly issues to January 1, 1888, will be sent free to all new subscribers who send $1.75 for a year's subscription to January, 1889. THE COMPANION has been greatly enlarged, is finely illustrated, and no other weekly literary paper gives so much for so low a price.

At what age are ladies most happy? Marriage.

FREE!—TO MERCHANTS ONLY: A three-foot, French glass, oval-front Show Case. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State St., Chicago.

What isle do maids steer for? Isle of Man?

Scrofula, salt rheum, all humors, boils, pimples, and diseases of the blood, general debility, dyspepsia, biliousness, sick headache, kidney and liver complaints, catarrh and rheumatism, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Take it now. 100 Doses One Dollar.

What are the best pills for teachers? Pupils.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully,

T. A. SLOCUM, M.C., 181 Pearl St., N. Y.

What joint of meat is a railroad like? A line of wheel.

Nothing like Cann's Kidney Cure for Dropsy, Gravel, Bright's, Heart, Urinary or Liver Diseases, Nervousness, &c. Cure guaranteed. Office, 831 Arch St., Phila. $1 a bottle, 6 for $5.00. Druggists. Try it.

Why is a bald head like Heaven? No parting there.

'ROYAL GLUE' mends anything! Broken China, Glass, Wood. Free Vials at Drugs & Gro.

What tune is a tobacco chewer most fond of Spittoon.

Eyes Ears Nose

Are all more or less affected by catarrh. The eyes become inflamed, red and watery, with dull, heavy pain between them; there are roaring, buzzing noises in the ears, and sometimes the hearing is affected; the nose is a severe sufferer, with its constant uncomfortable discharge, bad breath, and loss of the sense of smell. All these disagreeable symptoms disappear when the disease is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which expels from the blood the impurity from which catarrh arises, tones and restores the diseased organs to health, and builds up the system.

"Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me of miller's catarrh, and built up my general health, so that I am feeling better than for years. It is the first medicine I ever knew of which would cure miller's catarrh." GEORGE FOSTER, Logan, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ELY'S
Cream Balm

Cleanses the Nasal Passages, Allays Pain and Inflammation, Heals the Sores, Restores the Senses of Taste and Smell.

CATARRH

HAY-FEVER

Try the Cure.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is agreeable. Price 50 cents at Druggists; by mail, registered 60 cts. ELY BROS., Druggists, 235 Greenwich St. New York.

KIDDER'S

DIGESTYLIN

A SURE CURE FOR
INDIGESTION and DYSPEPSIA.

Over 5,000 Physicians have sent us their approval of DIGESTYLIN, saying that it is the best preparation for Indigestion that they have ever used.

We have never heard of a case of Dyspepsia where DIGESTYLIN was taken that was not cured.

FOR CHOLERA INFANTUM.

IT WILL CURE THE MOST AGGRAVATED CASES.
IT WILL STOP VOMITING IN PREGNANCY.
IT WILL RELIEVE CONSTIPATION.

For Summer Complaints and Chronic Diarrhœa, which are the direct results of imperfect digestion, DIGESTYLIN will effect an immediate cure.

Take DYGESTYLIN for all pains and disorders of the stomach; they all come from indigestion. Ask your druggist for DIGESTYLIN (price $1 per large bottle). If he does not have it send one dollar to us and we will send a bottle to you, express prepaid. Do not hesitate to send your money. Our house is reliable. Established twenty-five years.

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20 years experience in all SPECIAL diseases. Permanently restores those weakened by early indiscretions, &c. Call or write. Advice free and strictly confidential. Hours: 11 a. m. till 2, and 7 to 10 evenings.

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FREE By return mail. Full Description Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cincinnati, O.

GOLD is worth $35. per lb. Pettit's Eye Salve is worth $1,000, but is sold at 25c. a box by dealers.

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KIDDER'S PASTILLES. A Sure Relief for ASTHMA. Price 50 cts. by mail. STOWELL & CO., Charlestown, Mass.

A pound of sugar is one pint, an ounce of any liquid is two tablespoonfuls; a pint of liquid weighs sixteen ounces.

"I Don't Want Relief, But Cure,"

is the exclamation of thousands suffering from catarrh. To all such we say: Catarrh can be cured by Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It has been done in thousands of cases; why not in yours? Your danger is in delay. Enclose a stamp to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., for pamphlet on this disease.

Duties are ours—results are God's.

An Important Arrest.

The arrest of a suspicious character upon his general appearance, movements or companionship, without waiting until he has robbed a traveler, fired a house, or murdered a fellow-man, is an important function of a shrewd detective. Even more important is the arrest of a disease which, if not checked, will blight and destroy a human life. The frequent cough, loss of appetite, general languor or debility, pallid skin, and bodily acues and pains, announce the approach of pulmonary consumption, which is promptly arrested and permanently cured by Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery." Sold by druggists.

Even those who do wrong hate it.

Weak lungs, spitting of blood, consumption and kindred affections, cured without physician. Address for treatise, with 10 cents in stamps, World's Dispensary Medical Association, 663 Main St., Buffalo, N. Y.

The feast passes and the fool remains.

If you are bothered with "hard times" and want to learn how to turn your time into money quickly and pleasantly, write to B. F. Johnson & Co., Richmond, Va. They have a plan on foot that you ought carefully to consider.

Hear the other side and believe little.

Frazer Axle Grease.

The Frazer is kept by all dealers. One box lasts as long as two of any other. Received medals at North Carolina State Fair, Centennial, and Paris Exposition.

Old accounts make new disputes.

HUMOROUS.

FIRST OMAHA MAN.—What's the matter, not out of business again, are you?

Second Omaha Man—Yes, my last venture busted the first week.

"That's queer. I thought you started a little factory to darn stockings for young men, old bachelors and others with no women folks to look after them. That ought to pay."

"Pay! I got more orders than I could fill; hired a whole lot of nice girls who knew how to darn stockings and they did their work beautifully—but then the enterprise busted."

"Why, what happened?"

"Girls all left."

"Dissatisfied?"

"No, the whole crowd of customers hunted 'em up on Sunday and married them."

OUT OF PRACTICE.—Mrs. D'Art—No matter if your music does worry you; keep it up, dear. You will learn sometime what a power for good music is.

Omaha Girl—For good?

"Yes, indeed. I have one of the best husbands in the world, and I feel sure I never could have got him had it not been for the fact that I could play Chopin with expression. It was after one of Chopin's reveries one moonlight evening that he proposed."

"Why, Mrs. D'Art, I didn't know that you could play. Won't you play that reverie for me?"

"Bless your heart, child, I haven't touched a piano since I was married."

SMITH—"Well, my boy, how do you like Nantasket?"

Jones—"Oh, its delightful!"

Smith—"And the folks at the hotel?"

Jones—"They are very nice, indeed. The ladies are charming. Smith, I believe I have met my fate."

Smith—"Indeed! I congratulate you. Will I have a chance of seeing this inamorata of yours?"

Jones—"Indeed you shall! Why, here she is coming now; let me introduce you."

Smith—"No need of it, old fellow, that's my wife."

CASTE.—The strife for rank and distinction in social circles is as fierce in small villages as in the large cities. Two young women were discussing the claims of a candidate for the highest social honors in the circle to which they belonged. One of them said:

"Have you heard about Maggie D—'s rise in the world?"

"Oh, indeed I have!"

"Won't she give herself airs now?"

"Of course she will; I don't suppose she'll condescend to notice us common girls now."

"I suppose not; she always did think herself some."

"Yes, and now that she's got the place of forelady over the girls in the new pickle factory there'll be no living in the same town with her."

SOMEWHAT SINISTER.—The five-year old son of the wealthy Mrs. Bondclipper, of Fifth avenue, is left-handed, and his mother has made an earnest but heretofore unsuccessful effort to cure him of this defect.

A few days ago, in a fit of anger, he struck his French governess square in the face and made her nose bleed.

"Tommy, you little wretch!" screamed Mrs. Bondclipper, "don't you ever do that again as long as you live. Will I never be able to make you use your right hand?"

"I SEE," said Mrs. Shuttle, "that Edison has invented a method of whistling under water. I should like to know what good that's going to do."

"Ah, you women don't understand these things," replied Job, "whistling under water can be made of the greatest use."

"How, I should like to know?"

"Well, you see when a man can whistle under water, he—that is, he can let folks know when he is drowning, don't you see?"

SURE PROOF OF INSANITY.—"You think the gentleman is insane?"

"I do."

"Upon what do you base your belief?"

"Upon his peculiarities."

"What are some of these?"

"Well, there's just one in particular."

"What is it?"

"He hasn't been known to ask any one this Summer 'Is it hot enough for you?'"

ESMERELDA'S PRECAUTIONS.—Laura to her friend—"Fanny, just look how Esmerelda Longcoffin is going on with that young man to whom she is engaged to be married."

Fanny—"She has to make a fuss over him, or he will go back on her. I've been engaged to him myself and I know all about him. As soon as I quit hugging him he went and engaged himself to another girl. You bet Esmerelda knows what she is about."

"WHAT'S the matter, Molly?" asked Col. Percy Yerger of his little six-year-old daughter.

"Pa, my mocking bird is dead."

"Well, never mind, Molly; I'll buy you another one," replied Col. Yerger.

"I am calm enough now, but when I saw that poor little dead bird, I could have cried like a child," said Molly.

MARVELOUS MEMORY DISCOVERY.

Wholly unlike artificial systems.
Any book learned in one reading.

Recommended by MARK TWAIN, RICHARD PROCTOR, the Scientist, Hons. W. W. ASTOR, JUDAH P. BENJAMIN, Dr. MINOR, &c. Class of 100 Columbia Law students; 200 at Meriden; 200 at Norwich; 250 at Oberlin College; two classes of 200 each at Yale; 400 at University of Penn, Phila.; 400 at Wellesley College, and three large classes at Chatauqua University, &c. Prospectus POST FREE from
PROF. LOISETTE, 237 Fifth Ave., New York.

Hot soda biscuit is one of the most injurious kinds of food.

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RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

Cures and Prevents
Colds, Coughs, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, Stiff Neck, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Headache, Toothache, Rheumatism Neuralgia, Asthma, Frostbites, Chilblains,

quicker than any known remedy. It was the first and is the only

PAIN REMEDY

That instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammation, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.

No matter how violent or excruciating the pain the Rheumatic, Bedridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with diseases may suffer.

RADWAY'S READY RELIEF

will afford instant ease.

Thirty to sixty drops in half a tumbler of water will, in a few minutes, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Palpitation of the Heart, Malaria, Chills and Fever, Faintness, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels and all Internal Pains.

There is not a remedial agent in the world that will cure Fever and Ague and all other Malarious, Bilious, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS, so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.

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DR. RADWAY'S PILLS

For the Cure of all the disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, etc. DR. RADWAY & CO., N. Y.

*** Be sure to get "Radway's."

ROUGH ON DIRT

Great Starching

AND IRONING POWDER.

HOW TO WASH AND IRON

The art of starching, ironing and washing brought to perfection in "ROUGH ON DIRT." Added to starch gives splendid gloss, body, stiffness and polish. The only washing compound that can be so used. Prevents starch rolling or rubbing up. Makes iron slip easy. Saves labor. Saves three-fourths the starch. A revelation in housekeeping. A boon to women. A new discovery, beats the world. Cleans and purifies everything. Invaluable as the only safe, non-injurious and perfect washer and cleanser for general household purposes.

STARCHING. Any girl can, with Rough on Dirt, do as nice washing and ironing as can be done in any laundry. Boiling not necessary. 10 & 25c. pkgs. at all first-class, well stocked Grocers. E. S. Wells, Jersey City, N. J., U. S. A.

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I. Wholly unlike Mnemonics in Conception, Process, Development and Results.

II. The Natural Memory Restored to its *right use* and made powerful. Precisely as the Microscope and Telescope constitute a Scientific extension of the Natural Eyesight, so is the Scientifically trained Memory an extension of the Natural Memory.

III. The power of Continuous Attention growing apace with the Memory.

IV. Memory and Attention being strengthened to the highest degree by the five lessons, the System is no longer used, except in rare cases at first and afterwards in none at all.

"Prof. Loisette gave me a new memory"—Hon. Judah P. Benjamin——"It has greatly strengthened my natural memory"—Hon. W. W. Astor, late U. S. Minister to Italy——"Prof. Loisette's system appears to me to warrant the strongest endorsement"—John C. Minor, M. D.——"I regret that it did not form a part of the curriculum of our schools"—Stephen Rand, Esq., Paymaster of the U. S. Navy——"There is not one institution of learning in the land that would be without its aid if its worth were known"—Rev. A. J. McInerney, Rector of St. Mary's Church, Annapolis——"I have formed one class by correspondence, and have decided that hereafter I shall try to induce all my students to master this system before they engage in the linguistic studies under my direction"—Rev. Francis B. Denio, Professor of Hebrew in the Bangor Theological Seminary——"Prof. Loisette's system is a great boon not only to the student of shorthand, but to the veteran reporter"—W. W. Wilson, Stenographer.

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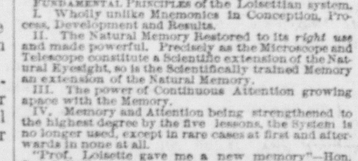

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THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, EDITOR and PROP'R

November 17. 1887.

TERMS:—One year, $1.50, when paid in advance. Those in arrears subject to previous terms.
Advertisements 20 cents per line for 3 insertions, and 5 cents for each subsequent insertion.

LOCAL ITEMS.

——Do you want to buy a good shotgun? Call at this office.

——Cyrus Brumgard is recovering from his last week's mishap.

——Rev. W. K. Foster of Mifflinburg was in town this week visiting friends.

——Johnny Kramer, formerly of Millheim, is in the music business at Altoona and he informs us is flourishing.

——Parents should shut down on their youngsters smoking cigaretts, it will wreck the health of the future man.

——Read the interesting letter from Northumberland, in this issue of the Reporter, by one who spent his boyhood in this section.

——We hear that our townsman D. C. Keller, contemplates moving out of town next spring and will take charge of his farm below town.

——Will the board walk to the station be allowed to be covered by snow drifts the coming winter or some precaution taken to prevent this?

——Mr. Levi Murray returned from Altoona last week where he has been working in the Penna. R. R. car shops the last three months.

——Secure your hydrants against winter's mishaps. Stop all leakage and make all provision to prevent freezing and you will be happy and have plenty of water.

—— No reports of any serious damage by the fly to the wheat fields this fall. The cold snaps are supposed to have kept the insect down. Grain fields all have a promising appearance.

——Soon as Yony Deininger heard that Johnny Decker was elected commissioner, he invited the hero to take dinner with him. Wonder whether Yony wants to be commissioner's clerk?

——Dinges & Weaver is the name of a new insurance firm in the Crider building Bellefonte. They bought Bond Valentines, office and now represent the best and largest insurance companies in the country.

— Miss Laura Strohm leaves this week for Chicago and will visit other points in the west; there must be some special attraction for the young lady in that section as her visits are becoming quite frequent of late.

——Philipsburg is to have a match factory that will give employment to sixty hands.

In Philipsburg the citizens always encourage enterprises, and have no gang to fight them off—it is a go-ahead town.

——Last Friday morning the ground was white with snow, which was the first of the season, and it was white as usual. Pap Smith, and other snow clerks, will put this one down as No. 1. The rabbit hunters, no doubt, found it all that they wished to track those animals.

—Rev. Steck will deliver a lecture at Millheim, Dec. 3, for the benefit of the new Luth. church at Coburn. The lecture will be an edifying treat, the reverend gentleman being one of the best lecturers in the state. Go and hear him and help a good cause besides benefiting yourself to five times the amount of the admission price.

——Frank Swab of Linden Hall informs us that our account of the bear hunt was badly mixed and misrepresented his adventures with bruin. Well, Frank as we were not there can't say whether you were scared or not, and will put the responsibility for truth and veracity upon our correspondent who seems to be acquainted with the facts.

——A party of hunters left on Tuesday morning for a deer hunt in the seven mountains, where they will remain about a week. Messrs John Ludwig and Mitchell of Selinsgrove and Joe Ludwig and Sam Leister of town composed the party. Leister is the only man in the crowd who never shot a load from a gun and expects the buck fever at first sight.

——Whilst all the wheat fields in our county have a promising appearance, yet farmers with a full crop can not look forward to making much out of it, as there is no prospect of wheat going up to a paying price. It dont pay at $1 per bushel and the chances are against it going up to 90 cents. Almost anything else will pay better in the east than this crop. Hay, potatoes, garden truck, stock, coarse grain, will put more money into the farmer's pocket than raising wheat at present prices.

——Altoona is so hard up for water, it is said, that citizens are allowed only to draw it at certain hours, and none dare be used for outdoor sprinkling or washing pavements. Other towns are having a similar water famine, and in some sections cattle are driven four and five miles to watering places. Our town is still fortunate, as we have water sufficient for all purposes, altho' our springs have weakened somewhat. Citizens should examine their hydrants and if found leaking, should have them repaired at once.

——Harter, in his Middleburg Post says: Once upon a time, far away from Middleburgh, there was a preacher who was sorely pressed for money, and as his congregation had failed to pay the last quarter of his skimp salary, he appealed to the officers of the church for the money due him. One of the trustees who was particularly noted for his stinginess, exclaimed" "Money? its money you want. I thought you were preaching for souls!" "So I am" replied the preacher, "but I can't eat souls, and if I could it would take at least a thousand such as yours to make a meal."

——The rain of last Thursday morning extinguished the mountain fires which prevailed so extensively throughout Centre, Clinton, Clearfield and other adjoining counties. This forest conflagration continued nearly two weeks, and the harm done to timber must amount to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The fires in many districts approached the homes of those living in the country, and many fences were eaten up by the fire, and it was only by untiring watchfulness that buildings could be saved.

We think the forest fires of this fall were more widespread and destructive than any that have yet raged in this section of the state.

RECCOLLECTIONS OF EARLY BOYHOOD.

REMINICENCES OF MORE THAN FIFTY YEARS AGO.

MR. EDITOR:—

I recently visited Centre Hall in compliance with a long desire to visit some of the old play grounds of my early boyhood, and might add childhood, after a lapse of over a half century.

The site upon which Centre Hall now stands, with her two weekly papers, churches, three stores, hotel and the various branches of trade that make up a thriving town, was at the time I refer to, occupied by an old log school house, situated at the junction of the two roads, where the Nittany valley road crosses the main road leading to Bellefonte.

Fifty-eight years ago, I was led reluctantly by a sister's hand from the Old Fort over the rough pike to this school house, and as I reflect now, the question arises where did the children come from? as the valley along the mountain was sparsely settled. There were but two houses in sight, the old Felmely tavern at the foot of the mountain, and the farm house of Wm. Pennington. My recollection of father Pennington, as he was familialy called, is that he was a man much respected for his many Christian virtues, and stood in the same relation to the Methodist church as St. Paul did to the Christian religion.

THE OLD FORT.

"I love the garden and orchard old,
The meadows my footsteps pres't;
And the stately oaks that shook this gold
In the lap of their gentle guest."

In visiting the home of my early childhood, I found, as I expected, many changes, but still there were many old landmarks left to remind me of days long ago. The early tree in the old orchard, is still standing, but its trunk and branches are marked, and must soon pass into history. The spring in the meadow, the flowing pump and the old lane remain, and are associated with many early recollections. Through the kindness of Mr. Odenkirk I was shown through the old home. The nursery or trundle bed room was associated with pleasant as well as some sad recollections.

THE OLD LOG SCHOOL HOUSE.

I visited the site of the old school house that stood in the grove on the hill, now marked by young locusts that evidently have been placed there, as the locust is foreign to the surrounding large growth of timber consisting of white and black oak, and as I looked upon them I could recognize them as old friends of long standing.

It does seem marvelous that our recollection at times will revert back, down deep into events and incidents that have been buried for many years, whilst the occurrence of yesterday may pass out, and never be recalled. This thought is suggested by the fact whilst reflecting on the early incidents connected with the old school house, I could recall names and reminiscences connected with school mates that have long since been forgotten.

I remember when at a tender age, of going to school to a Miss Buchanan; in order to punish me for some violation of rules I was placed along side of a little girl and pinned fast to her calico dress, and giving vent to my mortification in sobs and tears.

I cite this incident only to make a short reference to the future history of this little girl. Years after, as she grew up into womanhood, for grace, beauty and intelligence she became the recognized belle of Centre county, and as the wife of a Governor and Congressman, she ruled as a leading society lady at Harrisburg and Washington, and received with distinction, as the wife of our representative minister, near the Court at St. Petersburg. I wonder whether her thoughts ever pontooned the chasm between these heights and the old log school house at the Old Fort?

POTTERS MILLS,

Fifty years ago was a lively business place, the home of James and John Potter. These two brothers owned the entire place, every dwelling, and every foot of ground. The various branches of industry were represented including store, woolen factory, tannery, distillery, grist mill and clover mill. Spring Mills was the nearest store for miles as the crow flies. The entire product of Penns valley and surrounding country, centerd at this point, and the wealth of these two brothers had no boundry. Their real estate consisted of square miles of rich, fertile land. The Mills was a fashionable resort, for the wealth and aristocracy of Lewistown and Bellefonte.

After the failure of the Potters, no community was ever left so entirely helpless and dependent. They had allowed their confidence and reliance on the Potters, to dwarf their energy and sink their individuality to such an extent that their brains became moss covered.

On my recent visit I found some of my boyhood tracks, but found no one who knew the place fifty years ago. I visited the old Tan yard, one of the buildings is held together by cobwebs. In the old bark shed I found my name written there, and where I had spent many lonely hours, and some times wished lightning would strike the old bark mill, providing it would do no damage.

The old log school house at the long bridge, a mile and a half distant, was the only school house in a radius of five miles.

The school houses at the foot of Nittany mountain, Potters Fort and Longbridge, were evidently built by the same architect in accordance with plans and specifications issued by the Continental congress—the regulation long desks facing the walls on two sides and one end, with two inch plank for seats, no support for the back, with feet suspended in space. The parquet was occupied by the A. B. C. and Ab kids. However, there were comparatively few cases of humpback or spinal affection. It was at this log school house that Gen. James Potter, Wilson Potter, John Potter, Gregg Potter, Irwin Potter, and John Duncan received their early education. I remember Gen. Irwin Gregg at this humble institution. I have no recollection of meeting him afterwards. I "*know*" I never met him in the service and I do not think he ever held a command in the "*home guard*."

Pike's arithmetic, Byerly's spelling book and the blue primer were the only text books. The primer was the only illustrated work at that early day, representing the burning of John Rodgers at the stake surrounded by Mrs. John Rodgers with nine children and one at the breast. It was always an unsettled question whether Mrs. Rodgers was the mother of nine or ten children, and remained an undecided question with the debating societies of that day.

Timothy Ladd was one of the first teachers; a confirmed cripple, no use of his limbs, and was hauled by a team of four boys to and from his boarding house. He was followed by an Irish teacher named Burns, who introduced an instrument into school, called the cat-o-nine-tails, the handle of which consisted of Irish thorn about sixteen inches long, to which were attached nine leather straps, on the end of each strap was a neatly constructed knot; on first examination of these knots we concluded they were placed there as ornaments This was a mistake. Blackboards and maps had not been introduced. The only map I remember was a miniature map representing the black sea, painted by John Duncan, by directing a well charged ink stand at the head of Wm Burns.

A modern school house was afterwards erected at Potters Mills. Wm. Gilliland, a one legged man, taught. It was at this school I had my first racket with

CUPID.

Nellie R., who was just out of short dresses, (at that time young girls wore short dresses, up to twelve and fourteen years of age, with a pantalet attachment at the knee.) The attack was severe; at times I could not see how I possibly could live over night. Nellie carried a quiver strapped over her shoulders, well filled with arrows. I was riddled and pierced through and through, and must have appeared not much unlike a large family collender. The wounds at that age soon healed, and leave no scars.

MISS BARBARY HUNTER.

Miss Barbary was a maiden lady, and made her home with Mr. John Potter. She was much esteemed for her many christian virtues, and belonged to the radical, indigo, Presbyterian school, and was an untiring worker in the vineyard. She had a special interest in the spiritual wellfare of the Potter boys, and by virtue of circumstance, I was included. Miss B. was strongly impressed that to know the catechism was as essential for our *safe delivery*, as water is to the Baptist. The catechism was the red flag and source of our young troubles. It was too far above our heads to understand. The little we would commit in an hour's study in the evening and a half hour in the morning, we would forget in ten minutes.

It was sometime before I could get away from the impression that the Blue-laws of Connecticut and the Catechism were not written by the same author.

Miss B. inaugurated a Sunday school (limited); in this we heard so much of the personal character and individuality of the "*Old Boy*" that we were seldom seen out after dark; a flash of lightning has convincing proof that the Old Chap was shoveling on more brimstone. The distant thunder was the threshing of the earth with his barbed tail. A fresh cow track the next morning was proof that the *Old Boy* had slipped his cable, or broken a link. M. J. D. W.

Northumberland, Nov. 14, 1887.

A EATAL ACCIDENT.

We learn that a few days age Judge Krebs's sister-in-law, Mrs. Wm. Krebs, was instantly killed by a runaway team near Arkansas City, Cowley county, Kansas. It seems that upon returning from a family re-union to their homes Mr. Krebs's team became frightened by the pole of the carriage running through the neck yoke and Mrs. K. seizing a grandchild made an effort to leap from the carriage but fell between the wheels breaking both lower limbs and receiving a fatal fracture of the skull. No one else seems to have been hurt. Mr. Krebs was a former resident of Centre county, Pa., and in the year 1875 removed to Kansas. His wife was about 49 years of age.

NEW INSTRUMENTS.

Our band at their last meeting decided to purchase new instruments in place of the old ones that have been in use for years. Our boys thus far have been making rapid progress only they have been at a disadvantage on account of poor horns. They have supported the new organization by their own contributions and asked no one for a cent, and expect to hold a large festival at this place during the coming holidays and in this manner realize enough to enable them to get the new instruments. Hope every one will give them the proper encouragement and that their efforts will be crowned with success.

PAID THE PENALTY

PARSONS, SPIES, FISCHER AND ENGEL MEET THEIR FATE.

THE TRAP FALLS PROMPTLY.

Swung From the Same Scaffold in the Chicago Jail.

CITIZENS ARMED AND READY.

The City Guarded for Fifty Miles Around by U. S. Soldiers.

MRS. PARSONS FALLS IN A FAINT.

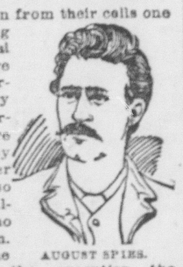
Everything Quiet and No Fear of an Outbreak Apprehended—The Four Condemned Anarchists Meet Their Death Bravely and Betrayed No Signs of Weakening—The Neck of Each Broken and They Die With But Little Struggling.

THE JAIL.

CHICAGO, Nov. 11.—The execution of Parsons, Spies, Engel and Fischer took place at 10:22 o'clock to-day in the jail-yard.

The death warrant was officially delivered to Chief Deputy Gleason on board the seven o'clock train from Springfield, at 22d street, this morning, by Robert Oglesby, the governor's son and private secretary.

The men were taken from their cells one at a time to the long room where the final preparations were made. They appeared to bear up bravely under the trying ordeal which they were to undergo. They talked with each other in low tones, and also with a few of the jailers and guards who had been kind to them. Shortly before the hour decided upon the execution the sheriff notified the men that their hour had come. They bade each other farewell and told the sheriff they were ready.



AUGUST SPIES.

The march to the scaffold was begun slowly. When they reached the corner where the scaffold was located the death warrant was read to the four men under the shadow of the dangling ropes.

They walked on to the scaffold without betraying any signs of weakening. Their arms and legs were pinioned, the black caps were drawn over their heads and the nooses were ready.

In an instant the signal was given, and the four men were dangling from the ropes.

The neck of each one was broken, and they struggled but little, only a few convulsive movements being noticed.

THEIR LAST NIGHT ON EARTH.

The hours passed slowly in the county jail last night—slowly to both watchers and watched. Spies did not at first find the slumber he sought and was up from midnight until nearly 1 o'clock, and he fell asleep a few minutes later. Before that he chatted pleasantly with Deputy Sheriff Quirk, and smoked cigars and enjoyed himself as well as he could. He did not say much about anarchy, except that he believed the sacrifice the law was about to make would help the cause. Of his mother, sister, and brother, he spoke feelingly, but he never once said a word about Miss Van Zandt.

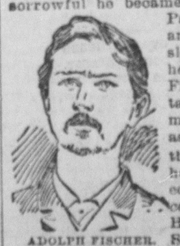
A. R. PARSONS.

Rev. Dr. H. W. Bolton called on Spies and offered him spiritual consolation. The condemned man turned an icy stare on the divine and said: "You can't pray for me. Go pray for somebody else who needs it. I don't need prayer." The deputy sheriff, who was with Parsons for three hours last night, undertook when he was relieved at 1 o'clock to tell what the condemned man had said, but when he began to realize the enormity of the task he cut his narrative short by saying: "He was very cheerful and hopeful."

LOUIS ENGEL.

Such was indeed the case. Parsons never was in better humor than he was last night. He seemed to forget entirely that he would have to die within twelve hours, so interested did he become in his own harangue to the death watch. He talked about socialism, about anarchy, the Haymarket and his wife and children.

It was not until he reached this subject that he manifested any sorrow or regret, and the more he talked about it the more sorrowful he became. About 11 o'clock Parsons went to sleep and at 2o'clock he was sleeping as soundly as he ever did in his life. Fischer was the least talkative of the four men, though he was as cheerful as any of them. For nearly three hours he sat on the edge of the cot in his cell puffing at a cigar. He spoke rarely to Schaumberg, the deputy sheriff, who was sitting in his doorway. Once Schaumberg said to him:



ADOLPH FISCHER.

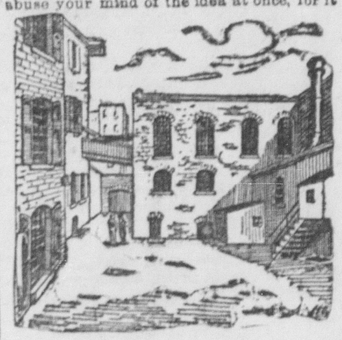
"Fischer, how can you be cheerful when you know your fate is such a short time removed?"

"How can I die?" the anarchist asked, and he looked full at his questioner. "I will tell you," he said. "I die willingly in the first place, because I believe it will help the cause I espoused the greater part of my life, and which I love better than life itself, that of the laboring man. Besides this, my conviction was unfair, unjust and illegal."

The only thing that made him feel sorry for quitting the world was the thought of leaving his wife and children behind him. He talked about his pretty, sad eyed wife for nearly an hour in the most affectionate strain. "She, however, will be well cared for," he said. "The association—my comrades—will see that she and her children will never want."

About 10.30 o'clock Fischer lay down, and ten minutes later his breathing was so heavy and regular that the watchers were convinced that he was at last sound asleep.

Engel was cheerful and contented and at times even witty. Late at night when the death watch sat on the threshold of his cell, scarcely ever removing his eyes from him, Engel became reminiscent, and some of the stories he told were not only interesting, but decidedly sensational. Once he said: "You people think, perhaps, that I am afraid to go to the gallows. Disabuse your mind of the idea at once, for it



THE JAIL COURT YARD.

is not true. No man ever faced death more calmly than I do now. I am an anarchist. I believe in its every principle, and as it is odposed to the present order of things what is more natural than the desire of the authorities to choke it off!"

Once he referred to his family, his wife and daughter, and as he rattled on about them there was a tinge of sadness in his voice.

"When I think of them," he said, "I sometimes falter in my determination to meet my fate bravely. But then I think—in fact, I know—they will be well cared for. The anarchists, for whom I am about to sacrifice my life, will see that they do not want. They have told me so and I believe them. When I think, though, of the great boom my death will be to anarchy—how it will boom the cause and increase the ranks—I can even think of my wife and family without a tear."

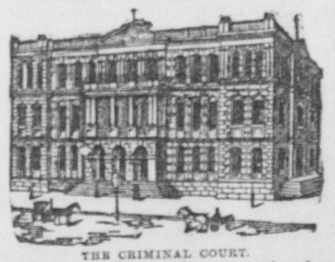
ERECTING THE SCAFFOLD.

At two minutes to nine o'clock three carpenters and six deputies were passed through into the jail to erect the scaffold, the deputies being employed to raise the beams which are fitted together with screws, so that not the slightest noise was made in its construction. It is erected in the northest corner of the jail and is the same scaffold on which the three Italian stranglers were executed.

Sheriff Matson next posted a large number of deputies around the jail, and three kept watch in the jail yard. The entrance to the criminal court building was guarded inside by two police officers armed with Winchester rifles, and heavy chains were fastened to the knobs of the iron doors, effectually preventing their being opened from the outside. In front of the building there were but few people, the deputies not allowing any one to stand about, but at the Clark street corner there was quite a knot of men gazing up at the building, as if fascinated.

MRS. PARSONS MAKES A SCENE.

Just after the carpenters entered a female figure, draped entirely in black and heavily veiled with crape, moved with slow and trembling steps down Michigan street and ascended the stone stairway of the criminal court building. Not over 20 feet ahead of her were Sheriff Matson and Captain Ben Price, clerk of the jail, but neither of them saw her. The big iron doors had hardly closed behind them when a weak tapping was heard on it.



THE CRIMINAL COURT.

The deputy swung the door back a few inches. "Who is it?" he called.

"Mrs. Parsons," came the reply in weak accents.

"I'm sorry, but my orders are not to admit you," said the deputy.

"Cannot I see my husband before he dies?" she cried, in agonizing tones.

"No."

Hardly had the monosyllable left his lips when a piercing shriek rang out, and Mrs. Parsons fell unconscious on the hard stone floor.

The doors were immediately thrown open, and she was carried inside the big lobby. The police dropped their rifles and ran for water, which was applied to her face. In a few minutes she recovered.

With her first breath she began the most piteous, affecting appeal that ever woman made to see her unfortunate husband. As kindly and as gentle as possible she was informed that it was impossible to grant her request, and with tears coursing down her cheeks and welling sobs almost choking her, she left the jail and went to her children at home.

THE MASSACRE AND TRIAL.

The massacre of May 4 was, therefore, no sudden irruption of violence, no spasmodic uprising of an infuriated mob against authority, but the culmination of a long series of efforts and the consummation of a deliberate design. The leaders had determined upon the hour and place. They knew and expected the police would interfere, and up the dark alley stood the assassin with bomb and match ready for the signal which came. No trial could be fairer than that awarded these accessories of the septuple murder. Every protection which impartial justice throws about the criminal for his protection was theirs. They were denied no chance to explain or to justify, and the great record was written with impartial hand, nothing extenuated and naught set down in malice. The utmost ingenuity of learned counsel was used in their interest. Everything was done to draw the eyes of justice from the real issue, and for the simpler question of murder to claim that it was legitimate warfare, a political struggle, a clash of factions, a rebellion for principle and right. The prisoners were compared to the Irish leaguers, to the Russian strugglers against despotism, to the roundheads, to the Romans under Brutus and Cassius, to the band of Orsini, to the soldiers of the confederacy. Convicted and sentenced, heaven and earth were moved in their be-

FIELDEN.

(continued on inside page.)

FATAL AND TERRIBLE ACCIDENT TO ELMER E. GORMAN.

On Sunday morning, shortly after 2 o'clock, Elmer E. Gorman met with an accident which soon resulted in his death. He was a yard switchman employed on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Railroad, and the accident occurred at Carter's Station. The Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph on Monday, said of it: "Gorman was only recently employed by the company. He is 28 years of age and his home is at Bellefonte, Pa. The unfortunate man was attempting to couple freight cars when the accident occurred. The car which was approaching him was laden with old rails, and the movement of the car had displaced a few of them. Those on top projected over the edge of the car some distance, but, owing to the darkness, Gorman failed to see them. As he was about to stoop to set the coupling link, one of the rails struck him on the head and penetrated several inches, frightfully fracturing his skull. He died a few hours thereafter. The family formerly lived at Centre Hall, and kept the toll gate at the lower end of town.

SOLDIERS ARE COMING.

Yes sir, we are going to have them right among us Capt. Amos Mullen, of Bellefonte was in town on Tuesday. We learned that the object of his visit was to have an attachment to the Bellefonte National Guards, organized at this place. He wants a squad of about sixteen of our young men to compose it, and will furnish all the necessary equipments, etc., from their state appropriation to sustain it. Won't we be "tony" in Pennsvalley when we have our own sogers with blue coats and brass buttons on them? Fall in!

DEER SLAYERS.

During the last week our nimrods have been slaughtering deer lively over in the Seven Mountains, and tempts us to try our hand at it too.

John Horner, —— Rossman and Perry Krise each killed one; Ludwig and his party, one; the Bradford boys, of Old Fort, one; Potters Mills crowd, two, and a Boalsburg party, five deer and two bears.

——Please call and examine our large stock of cloths and cassimeres suitable for any garment in men's wear—a full assortment of overcoats "READY MADE." The largest line of hats, caps and furnishing goods in the county—all work guaranteed to fit or no sale."

MONTGOMERY & Co.
Brockerhoff Row & Homes Block.

——Piles of new overcoats have been opened up at the Philad. Branch, and are going like hot cakes. A large stock always on hand—as fast as they go new ones take their place.

MARRIED.

At Kishacoquillas, Oct. 26, by Rev. Haughawaut, H. W. Brown, of Clinton Co., and Emma R. Alexander, of Kishacoquillas.

In Milroy, Nov. 1, 1887, by J. R. Shipe, John H. Smith, of Reedsville, and Mary P. Kunn, of Mann's.

HIDES HIDES!

Highest cash market prices will be paid for all kinds of hides by Aaron Harter, at Centre Hall station. tf.

WM. GOHEEN,
AUCTIONEER,
Boalsburg, Pa.

Is prepared to cry sales. He has been successful in the past and offers his services to the public, tf.

FOR SALE.
DOUBLE BARREL SHOT GUN.

A double barrel muzzle loader shot gun, calibre 12. Has fine wire twist barrels, throws shot well and is in good condition. The gun can be seen at this office.

DO YOU WANT

To get a New Pair of Boots?
Go to Power's.

A Pair of Fine Shoes?
Go to Power's.

Shoes for your Children?
Go to Power's.

If you are in need of anything in the line of Boots, Shoes, Slippers, Overshoes, or anything in the shape of foot wear, Go to Power's Shoe Store for it.

W—H—Y?

Because it is the Best and Cheapest Shoe Store in Centre county.

GRAIN.

REPORTED WEEKLY BY KURTZ & SON.

Prices subject to fluctuations of market.

Wheat, red	$ 80	Oats	$ 28
Wheat, white	75	Rye	48
Corn, shelled	45	Barley, No. 1	50

Barley No. 2, mixed with oats, bought at oats weight and price.
Wheat mixed with Rye bought at rye weigh and price.

FLOUR AND FEED.

Fancy Pat. Flour	1 45	Bran per ton	16 00
Best Roller Flour	1 35	Bran, retail, cwt.	90
2d Best Roll'r Flour	1 25	Chop per ton	22 00
Middlings per ton	19 00	" retail per cwt	1 25

COAL MARKET.

Broken	$5.00
Egg	5.50
Stove	5.75
Small Stove	5.75
Chestnut	5.50
Pea	3.50
Woodland	4.00
Soft	2.75

☞A discount on all above prices will be made for SPOT Cash,

KURTZ & SON